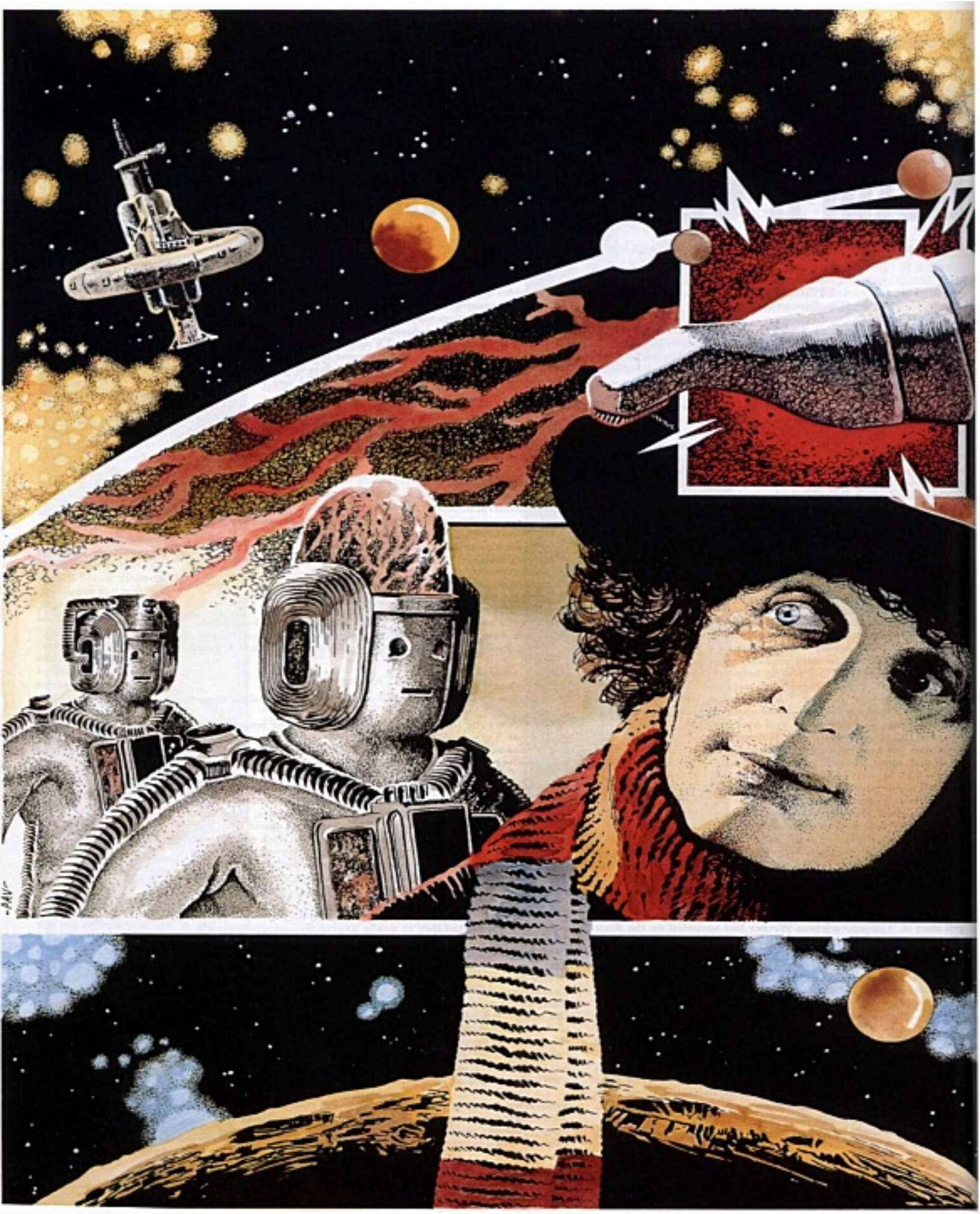


RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN

GERRY DAVIS was a veritable mine of anecdotes and stories about BBC television during his time on its payroll. These extended beyond the programmes on which he worked, and often shed light on the organisation and its operations in ways that 'official histories' fail to do. His ability to mimic, a product of his actor's training , further added to the enjoyment of his listeners, who were often made privy to things that he would never have committed to record or made known in public. What follows is a small selection of some of his more printable memories.

During his time on United, a soap opera about a football team that once featured JNT as an extra, he was provided with a sports advisor in the person of Jimmy Hill. Gerry considered him to be at best a nuisance and at worst a handicap, as he made a regular habit of complaining and getting in the way. On one occasion, Hill ordered recording to be stopped and stormed into Gerry's office, demanding that he went down to the studio at once. *'I thought there'd been some sort of disaster so I rushed down to see what had gone wrong.'* On entering the studio, Hill pointed excitedly to one of the main cast and exclaimed that 'no footballer would wear a hat like that!' History does not recall the exact wording of Gerry's response, but his paraphrasing many years later made it quite clear that he was not well pleased.

The demands of writing a twice-weekly soap, or, in some instances, totally rewriting it, especially in the case of John Lucarotti's submission for United, helped develop his skill at turning out a script in a day. Although he was in the studio for *The Ark*, his first actual job as script editor for Doctor Who was one such rewrite. He claimed that *The Celestial Toymaker* scripts were completed in one day sessions, so tight were the deadlines for rehearsals. Time, however, did not allow for so major a change in the following adventure, *The Gunfighters*, a script he inherited from his predecessor, and one that he hated. *'That bloody song.'* It was not until The War Machines that Gerry got to try out some of his own ideas for the series.

The Post Office Tower had been open for less than a year when *The War Machines* was written and the structure had received a massive amount of publicity, including John Noakes explaining on Blue Peter how its revolving restaurant went round. The idea of using popular images set in the present day appealed to Gerry for dramatic as well as cost reasons, so *The War Machines* became the testing ground for some of his theories about possible futures for Doctor Who. In fact, the story contained elements that were to become mainstays in the show's future, including power-crazed computers, the military, contemporary settings and links in with popular culture and its icons. These ideas for settings in the here-and-now were further extended with *The Faceless Ones*, a story set around an airport at a time when package holidays were starting to become common place. The idea of 'flying for everyone' was novel enough in itself, but the concept was made that much more exciting by the prospect of aliens waiting to pilot your plane. *'That was another one that I set up. Mac Hulke was a great ideas man and it may have been me who introduced him to Terrance Dicks.'*

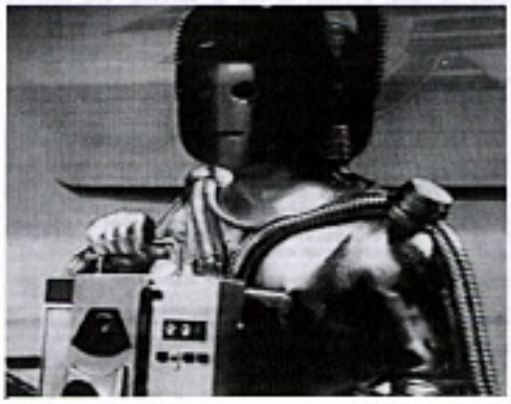
I helped BSB set up some of the interviews for their Doctor Who weekend, including the one with Gerry. I suggested to him that he might like to be interviewed alongside his old producer, Innes Lloyd, but he hinted that it would not be a good idea. After a little nudging he explained that the relationship between him and Lloyd had been rather frosty and the two had never really seen eye to eye. The root cause, according to Gerry, was that Innes Lloyd was a frustrated writer who persistently wanted to get involved in the scripts for Doctor Who. *'In the end I said yes to him writing some story ideas, but when he brought them in they weren't very good. I kept asking him 'do you mean this?' and 'what about that?' and I think he took my point in the end. After that he let me get on with the writing side of things.'* It is a credit to the professionalism of both men that they never let this interfere with their jobs, or for that matter made it publicly known, as others might have done.

This was not the last time that Gerry would fall out with his producer, but in the case of Terence Dudley it was a full-blooded hatred rather than a slightly cool relationship. Gerry regretted not becoming his own producer on Doomwatch and also not getting a better deal set up by his agent with the BBC over the series. His dislike of Dudley's paranoid attitudes

was echoed by Terry Nation's feelings about what Dudley had done to Survivors. This surfaced on one occasion when Nation and Davis were at an American convention soon after Dudley's death. The two men were asked for their opinions about their ex-producer and Gerry, ever the diplomat, said it was not right to talk ill of the dead. However, Terry Nation was more blunt about his feelings and could see no reason why not.

Gerry's decision to leave Doctor Who started a search for a successor. Peter Bryant shadowed Gerry for a few weeks but it soon became clear to the out-going script editor that his proposed replacement was not up to the demands of the job. *'He really couldn't write.'* Instead, Gerry suggested him for the role of producer which he duly took up for *Tomb of the Cybermen*. At the time of writing the story, both Kit Pedler and Gerry's wives were seriously ill in hospital, so he didn't take very kindly to being phoned up by Bryant and being asked to undertake a series of very minor, last minute amendments. *'I told him that because both Kit's and my wife were ill, I really didn't have the time, and that as producer he should be able to sort them out himself. He got quite short-tempered with me but as far as I was concerned my work was done. Just recently I read an interview with him where he talks about the Cybermen and Kit but never mentions me -- and I got him the bloody job!'*

At the time of Gerry's untimely death he was working on a tv series about the real-life turn of the century Canadian conservationist, Grey Owl. The series promised to combine many of the elements that had fired his imagination and writing over the years, including environmental concerns, secret identities, history and romantic settings. It was a project on which we were to have collaborated, but in the end my only work with Gerry was done posthumously.



MY VISITS to Gerry's flat in North London rarely left me empty handed. My host was only too willing to dig through old papers and filing cabinets to turn out things of interest. I discovered the Moonbase tele-pics and Kit Pedler's photos of a Cyberman in Clapham *(ref. DWB #85)*, the existence of a long forgotten black and white show reel, and the original script for *Return of the Cybermen* amongst other things. On every occasion where something came to light Gerry allowed me to take the original in return for a copy.

The Return of the Cybermen was not quite what I had expected. I felt sure that the script would contain a story set in an empty casino, so I was surprised to find no mention of this plot element at all. What I did discover was something far closer to the transmitted adventure, despite the fact that not one word of Gerry's script made it to our screens.

It transpired that the casino element had been dropped fairly early on in the proceedings when more money had been made available. The resulting rewrite contained location settings and a larger variety of studio sets, although the number of Cybermen remained at only four. However, the biggest puzzle thrown up by the rediscovered script was why Robert Holmes carried out such a total redrafting.

In theory, a combination of Gerry Davis, Cybermen, Robert Holmes, Philip Hinchcliffe, Michael Briant and Tom Baker should have been a winning team. In the end, their combination -- as it reached the viewers -- was less than the success the component elements might have suggested. Why then was the final version so short of the mark? No small amount of blame can be laid at the feet of Robert Holmes. His revised version of *Return of the Cybermen* introduced many of the weakest elements of the plot including the Vogans and an excess of poor verbiage. Gerry's original idea of a colony of forgotten miners makes far more sense than a race that has supposedly evolved on a small, barren asteroid without a biosphere. And the Cyber-bombs, another glaring weakness in the story, were an invention of the script editor.

It is interesting to note that the CMS release for *Revenge of the Cybermen* illustrates a supposed weakness in Gerry's character writing with pages written by Robert Holmes. In fact, the characterisation of Harry Sullivan is one of the great joys of *Return*, along with a strong role for Sarah. Rather less satisfactory in places is the portrayal of the Doctor. He is never a weak or vague character, but he does have a more than passing resemblance to Troughton at times. In fairness, it would have been very difficult for Gerry to have written for Tom Baker because at the time of writing none of his stories had been broadcast, which would have left everyone writing blind for the part. This is surely an area where a script editor's contributions would have been vital. In the event, Robert Holmes started with a blank page and reworked everything.

In private, Gerry was not well pleased with the end result. He felt, and I think quite rightly, that his version was more dramatic and truer to the image of the Cybermen than the transmitted story. The internal logic that drives his script is all but lost by Holmes, who substituted action for drama, at the expense of characterisation and atmosphere. That's not to say that Gerry had penned a masterpiece without the need of editing, but the total dissection it got destroyed much of its drive and structure.

What follows is not an exact transcription of *Return of the Cybermen*, as Gerry's writing style was very close to a camera script in places, and I felt that this approach would make for stilted reading. In drafting this version I tried to retain as much of Gerry's original wording as possible, while at the same time trying to make the text flow. I hope I have succeeded in doing this without detriment to the content, while at the same time conveying the intended atmosphere.

Perhaps, after so many years and so many criticisms, the publication of what Gerry Davis had originally intended will go some way to rehabilitating the Cybermen's first foray into colour. I hope he would have approved of my presentation of *Return of the Cybermen* for DWB; he was certainly all in favour of the project when I first approached him about the idea. *'That's terrific, Ant!'* I hope I've done him justice.

ANTHONY CLARK

DWB has donated Gerry's fee for the use of his script to Cancer Research.

RETURN OF THE CYBERM

EPISODE ONE

The Beacon in Space

The Nerva had been built as a mineral processing station but in more recent times it had been forced into service as a beacon and relay point for a large and ever shifting body of asteroids. This navigational hazard needed constant watch, and it was Nerva's job to issue regular bulletins to passing freighters on any major changes that could affect flight paths, or endanger the space ways beyond the beacon that were the life line to the newly opened up galaxy rim. Its central core ran vertically through a ring of cargo holds and docking ports that had once been busy with ore ships and mining vessels, but the Cyber-Wars had decimated most of the resources used in the Nerva operation and anyway, it was now believed that all but the smallest veins had been tapped in the once rich mineral deposits in the asteroids.

The main control room of the beacon sat on top of the central core. It was from here that the computers monitored the endless changes in the huge sea of space-bound rock. Some of the asteroids were little more than boulders, while others were large planetoids like the one around which Nerva orbited. But they all had one thing in common; they were constantly moving.

Captain Warner sat slumped over a small desk in the main control room. She was reading off data on asteroid movements in an attempt to compile the next bulletin, but the fatigue of taking three consecutive watches had taken its toll and she was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on the raw data provided by the computers. The steady flow of coffee did little to help, and the benefits it did bestow were probably more psychological than physical, but there was little else to help break up the tedium of the endless number work. Under normal circumstances Nerva would have been an unpopular posting, but the current emergency had turned things into a seemingly never-ending nightmare.

The slight noise made as the grill over the ventilation duct was removed failed to register on Warner, who had all her attention focused on her overdue report. A shadowy figure inside the ventilation shaft drew the grill into the darkness, leaving an opening about a foot square in the wall directly behind where the Captain was sitting. A slight whirring started to emanate from within the open duct which pierced the dulled senses of the duty officer. Yawning, Warner turned an inquisitive eye towards the source of the strange noise, but before she could ease her tired body out of the chair something hit her on the back of the neck. She tried to scream but a paralysis was spreading so rapidly through her body that little more than a gasp escaped from her lips. Her consciousness ebbed away and as she slumped towards the floor the large segmented body of a Cybermat dropped from her neck and made its way back towards the open ventilation shaft. The silverfish-shaped creature disappeared into the darkness and someone replaced the grill after it, if nothing had been moved. The unconscious figure of Warner laid sprawled on the floor where she fell; large black veins started to spread up her neck...

The Nerva's mess room exhibits the same cold grey utility as the rest of the beacon. Its walls are lined with a honeycomb of glass fronted lockers, each one labelled up with the name of the food it contains. Running down the middle of the room stands a table, indented to take the trays from the food dispensers and lined with small water nozzles that stand proud over a series of round recesses designed to receive a glass or beaker. One of the overhead lighting panels flickers intermittently. Slowly, the Doctor, Sarah and Harry fade into view. They look round for a moment before Sarah spots the table, lined with recently forgotten meals. She walks over to the table and looks down at the appetising plates of steaming food.

Sarah: Oh Doctor, we can't can we? I'm starving.

(Harry has followed her over. He catches her arm as she sits down at the first of the piled up plates.)

Harry: Hold on. We'd better wait until asked - don't you think?

Sarah: (Leans back, arms crossed) If I wait "until asked" I'll die of hunger...

(Harry strides over to a small bank of press-buttons on a mounted internal communications receiver. He studies it for a moment and presses a button marked "control room".)

Harry: Hello. Hello. Anyone there? (with a touch of Naval correctness) Lieut. Sullivan here. Hello.

(Above his head the lens of a TV scanner stares blankly down - there is no reply. Through all this the Doctor has been examining the food dispenser. He touches one of the glass fronted ovens and exclaims, snatches back his hand and sucks his fingers.)

Harry: Hello. Hello.

(Harry presses button after button without any result. Sarah, tired of waiting, sneaks a glance at him. She picks up a fork and takes a mouthful from the nearest plate. Harry turns and notices.)

Harry: Pig. Can't you ever wait? (To the Doctor) Doctor, don't you think we'd better test this food

first?

Doctor: Eh? (Turning to Sarah) Oh yes.

(He picks up another fork and samples from Sarah's plate)

Doctor: Consider it tested.

(Harry, the careful medico, rolls his eyes and gives one final stab at the communications buttons.)

Harry: Anyone there? (He turns back to the others) Obviously not!

Sarah: Sure it's working?

Harry: It's working. Doesn't seem to be a soul aboard though. (To the Doctor) Sure this is the Nerva?

Doctor: (Looking around - his mouth full of food) It's the Nerva alright.

Sarah: Where's everyone gone then?

(The Doctor shrugs and takes another mouthful from one of the plates. Harry sits down primly, trying to resist the food.)

Harry: I don't like it. Deserting the ship like this - and right in the middle of lunch. It's not human!

Doctor: (Looking up at him) Only one way to find out.

Harry: What?

Doctor: Eat up all their food. If they're human they'll soon show themselves.

(He puts down the first plate and moves over to the second, raises it up, and gives it a sniff.)

Doctor: Hm, smells good. (To Harry) Try some?

(Harry tries to resist, but finally gives in and starts on the food. As they eat the TV monitor lens slowly swivels round to focus on the three time travellers.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Around the internal monitors are grouped four people, the surviving crew of the Nerva. They are all dressed in simple overalls similar to those used by NASA astronauts.

The four are respectively Commander Stevenson - a white haired man of about fifty but looking somewhat older; Richard Kellman - a tall, dark scientist of about thirty-five; Anitra Berglund - a twenty-nine year old doctor; Bill Lester - the youngest, but physically the most powerful of the group, at twenty-four.

All four look grim and menacing in the reflected light from the console.)

Commander: What the devil do they want?

Kellman: That's academic, surely? The point is they're here, without notice or warning. And they've totally ignored the quarantine signals. They'll have to pay the penalty.

Lester: Without even trying to contact them?

Kellman: How can we - you know the plague regulations. Or perhaps Doctor Berglund had better explain them again.

(Lester looks at Anitra, who nods tiredly.)

Anitra: We can't take any chances. Not now, not after Warner.

(She looks over at the row of empty sets. The other three look at the Commander. He wrestles with the decision for a moment, then nods. Kellman turns away and walks towards the door.)

Lester: (To Kellman) Hold on... Why you?

Kellman: As the last surviving scientist it's my responsibility. (He looks round at the messroom screen for a moment) They must not be allowed to leave the Nerva... alive.

INT. MESSROOM

(The Doctor and his companions have finished their meals. Harry is squirting a jet of water into his mouth.)

Sarah: (To Harry) Nothing wrong with that, was there?

Harry: Don't know... yet.

(The Doctor rises, followed by Harry. Sarah, full and a little sleepy, remains seated.)

Doctor: We'd better try and locate this elusive crew.

Harry: Like the Marie Celeste, eh?

Sarah: (Sleepily) Can you go without me?

(She curls up in her chair. The Doctor nods and turns to Harry.)

Doctor: Not at all like the Marie Celeste. That had a ridiculously simple explanation.

Harry: Which you know?

Doctor: (Leading the way to the door) Of Course. I was the first person aboard the derelict. The key to the riddle was quite simple... fleas... no, wait a minute, that's not right...

(Sarah exclaims, leaps up from her chair and backs away. The others hurry over to her.)

Doctor: What was it?

(Sarah points to the corner of the messroom in the shadow of the table. Harry walks over cautiously and looks around.)

Harry: Nothing here old girl. (He looks down at the floor) Just a scratch of some kind.

Doctor: (Calming her down) What did you see?

Sarah: A horrible looking thing - like a giant caterpillar. It moved... (She points) It seemed to be looking at me.

Harry: (Laughs) I told you not to scoff your food.

(The Doctor looks intently at Sarah, feels her pulse and then joins Harry to examine the scratch on the floor. He takes out his diary and considers it for a moment. Then, seeing their apprehension, he smiles.)

Doctor: This place is beginning to look interesting. (He rubs his hands) Very interesting.

Harry: More so than the Marie Celeste?

Doctor: Much more. This is really a mystery. Let's explore.

(He moves towards one of the end doors. Harry turns back to Sarah.)

Harry: Still want to stay?

(Sarah pushes him aside and hurries over to join the Doctor. Harry smiles and follows them out into the corridor.)

INT. CORRIDOR

(The Doctor, Sarah and Harry enter a short stretch of corridor. At the far end is an open door and beside it Kellman. He watches them for a moment before Harry spots him.)

Harry: Look Doctor. (Calling) Ahoy there!

(Kellman turns and walks through the open door.)

Sarah: Please... wait!

(Kellman fails to respond and walks into the far room, closing the door behind him. Sarah turns to Harry.)

Sarah: Marie Celeste! They're just unsociable, that's all!

(She walks down the corridor to the door and bangs on it with her fist.)

Doctor: No use.

(He looks around for the door push button but Harry finds it first on the opposite wall and presses it. The door slides up.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The three time travellers look cautiously through into the room beyond. It is empty; a square box of a room with a segmented ceiling - like a waffle press - and smooth walls. The floor and ceiling sparkle slightly in the light from the inset wall lights.)

Harry: (Looking around) Brilliant! Disappeared into thin air. And for my next trick...

(He starts to go in but the Doctor stops him.)

Doctor: I saw a fire axe in the corridor. Would you fetch it?

(Harry nods and exits. The Doctor remains looking through the doorway with Sarah.)

Sarah: (Sotto voce) You've noticed Doctor? More of those scratches...

(The Doctor nods abstractedly, his attention caught

EN by Gerry Davis

by the glittering dust on the floor. As Harry comes up with the fire axe he enters, walks over to the far corner, kneels and picks up some of the dust for examination.

After a short pause Harry and Sarah follow him in, their attention also caught by the glittering dust.)

Harry: You know what this looks like...

Sarah: (Excited) It couldn't be - could it?

(The Doctor takes out a small pocket lens and brings the grains on his hand into focus. Behind them, unnoticed, the door quietly slides down.)

Doctor: No doubt about it. Gold dust!

(Sarah and Harry both react to this by scooping up a little of the fine powder.)

Harry: You think there'll be more of this Doctor?

(The Doctor shrugs, his mind still elsewhere.)

Doctor: I doubt it. (Thinks) By this time inflation and scarcity will have pushed the price of gold up to unimaginable heights.

(The others react - their eyes beginning to gleam with gold fever and Harry begins to dust off some of the gold into his hands. There is a gasp from Sarah who has just noticed the closed door. The men turn and react. Harry goes over and examines the wall but there is no sign of a door handle or activating button.)

Harry: We're locked in...

(The Doctor hands him the axe.)

Doctor: Think you can handle it?

Harry: (Admiringly) Always think of everything, don't you Doctor? (To Sarah) Stand aside.

(Sarah gives a sniff and moves back. He takes the axe and swings it hard against the door. There is a flash and Harry and the axe are flung over backwards. Sarah runs to him but he is unhurt and pushes her away.

The Doctor goes quickly to the door, extracts a small square dial like a potentiometer and places it against the door. The needle swings over.)

Doctor: As I thought, some sort of energy field.

(Harry clambers to his feet)

Harry: Now he tells me!

(Sarah looks upwards fascinated by something.)

Sarah: Doctor, either you've shrunk or... isn't the ceiling a little lower down?

(Harry and the Doctor look up. Could the ceiling have moved slightly? They notice the glint of gold on the waffle-like square.)

Harry: More gold!

Sarah: Doctor... how did it get up there?

(The Doctor takes a pen from his pocket and makes a mark on the wall where it meets the ceiling.)

Harry: (Realising) You don't think?

(The Doctor nods grimly. As they watch, the mark begins to disappear. They look at each other and react.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Kellman is studying a set of dials, one of which reads "Crusher Room". One of the indicator shows the level of the Crusher Room ceiling which is slowly but surely moving down to zero.)

Anitra: (Enters) What are you doing?

Kellman: (His face is deadpan) Destroying the intruders. By the time the crusher has done its work, they will be three easily disposable pieces of garbage.

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The ceiling has moved down a further foot until it is almost touching the Doctor's head. The Doctor sits down on the floor, picks up the axe and holds it with the end of the metal handle upright.)

Sarah: (Nervously) How long do you think that (indicating the handle) will hold, Doctor?

Doctor: It won't. Should register on the controls though - tell the operator there is something in here.

Harry: (Relieved) Give them a chance to open the door and find us.

Sarah: If they don't already know. I'm sure that man meant us to follow him in here.

(The Doctor looks up at the ceiling and crouches slightly. The roof spaces have almost reached the top of the handle.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Kellman is looking at his watch. He turns to Anitra.)

Kellman: I've an experiment to see to. Keep an eye on this will you? When it's finished, remove the debris. You'll be able to hear them through this.

(He flips up a switch and the voices of the Doctor, Harry and Sarah can be heard.)

Sarah: (Out of View - O.O.V.) I'm frightened, Surely there must be some way out of here?

Kellman: Let me know when the indicator is down to zero.

(He exits, leaving a very disturbed Anitra staring at the slowly moving indicator.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The metal-haved axe, wedged between the ceiling and floor is cracking, watched in horrified fascination by the time travellers.

Abruptly the axe shatters. Sarah screams and clings to the Doctor. All three are now on their knees. They look up as the ceiling continues its slow decent and Harry wedges his shoulder against it.)

Harry: Perhaps, if I use all my strength Doctor...

(The Doctor puts out a restraining hand.)

Doctor: Don't try. You'll crack like that axe. Only one hope now.

(He looks around the smooth walls of the room, reduced to some two feet in height. They are now lying down to avoid the remorselessly descending crusher ceiling.)

Doctor: (Calling) Listen to me, whoever you are...

INT. SICK BAY

Doctor: (O.O.V.) I know you can hear me.

(Anitra looks wildly round for Kellman or another of the team, but there is no-one else in the sick bay, except for the unconscious form of a patient at the far end. The response is hers alone.)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) We're human beings - like you. We didn't mean to intrude on your craft...

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The ceiling is now only fifteen inches from the floor. The Doctor, Harry and Sarah are lying down, their heads turned sideways.)

Doctor: (Desperately) Can you hear me? We have come to reclaim something left here many years ago.

INT. SICK BAY

Doctor: (O.O.V.) I'm the Doctor. (Anitra reacts to the word "Doctor") We do not wish to harm you, so why do you want to kill us?

(Anitra is wringing her hands now in an agony of doubt. She looks at the dial - it reads a little more than a foot above the floor.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The three companions are now pressed against the floor.)

Sarah: Please, please, help us!

INT. SICK BAY

Sarah: (O.O.V.) Help us! Help us!

(Anitra makes a sudden decision. Her finger stabs down on the stop button - the indicator flickers and halts. She presses the reverse button and the indicator starts to move back up.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

Harry: Doctor, I can move my arm.

Sarah: So can I.

(The three time travellers twist their heads to look up at the ceiling.)

Sarah: It's moving... upwards. Someone must have heard...

(The three stretch their cramped limbs.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Anitra is watching the dial. It is still moving upwards - more rapidly than its downwards movement. She presses the stop button and then pulls a small lever beside it. At once the disposal hatch swings open. She bends down, calling.)

Anitra: Come out... hurry!

(Sarah, followed by Harry and the Doctor crawl out and stand by Anitra. She swings the hatch shut and turns to speak to them but they are staring over her shoulder. Kellman, Lester and the Commander stand facing them. The first two have weapons levelled.)

Kellman: (Livid) Anitra! I thought I told you to dispose of them...

(The Commander grabs his arm and pulls him back.)

Commander: Silence. I command here. (To the Doctor) Who are you? And where do you come from?

Doctor: (Smiling and holding out his hand) I'm a doctor - these are my assistants - we've returned to the Nerva to collect some... medical specimens.

Commander: Doctor? That doesn't explain why you ignored our quarantine signals - risked catching the plague.

Doctor: (At his most affable and charming) Signals - we must have missed them - what plague?

Commander: Come over here. It's too late to prevent you catching it, now you're in the infected area.

(He leads them over to the cot at the far end of the sick bay. In the bed is a woman, Warner. She is taped up to an electronic console at the head of the bed. Dials monitor her heart, blood pressure, sugar level etc. The console administers, intravenously, drugs and a saline drip. The Commander nods to Anitra. She gently turns over the patient to reveal a tree-like network of black and swollen nerves, reaching almost up to Warner's temples. The Doctor's companions step back in horror but the Doctor comes closer.)

Doctor: (Almost to himself) I've seen this before... I know I have. (He racks his brain) But where?

(He reaches into one of his capacious pockets but Lester stops him with a thrust from his gun. The Doctor smiles then slowly draws out his diary. Kellman snatches it from his hand and looks at it.)

Doctor: Won't mean much to you, I'm afraid. Doesn't to me - and I wrote it!

(Harry has been examining the sick women, assisted by Anitra)

Harry: (To Anitra) When did this first appear on the Nerva?

Anitra: Nearly a year ago. We've lost most of the crew from it. We're all that's left now.

Harry: Have you had medical help from Earth?

Anitra: (Nods) Several medical units have been out. They've all had to give up. We've been unable to find out how it's caught or spread. Finally we were isolated and left in quarantine until the plague has burnt itself out or...

Harry: Or... there's nobody left alive?

(Anitra looks away and nods. The others are silent.)

Sarah: Couldn't you get away? Leave the Nerva?

(Anitra shakes her head and turns away.)

Commander: No. That I would not permit. (Almost appealing to them) How could I? We serve a vital function here - a warning beacon for the asteroid belt. Countless lives were lost until we were sent here. We have to remain... whatever the cost.

(He turns away from them stiffly. A hero, but a trifle self-conscious about it.)

Sarah: (A little cynically) Until you die at your post?

Kellman: (Grimly) A fate you will now share. (To the Commander) Commander, I suggest we take these intruders to the control room for further interrogation.

(The Commander nods and Kellman leads the way out.)

Anitra: One moment! (They look back at her) I urgently need some trained help. Can't the woman stay here?

(The Commander hesitates for a moment then nods. The others exit and Sarah turns to Anitra.)

Sarah: Thank you. We owe you our lives. (Hesitates) But I'm not really a trained nurse.

Anitra: (Smiles) You don't have to be. I just want you to keep an eye on the medical console while I write up the medical log. What's your name?

Sarah: Sarah. And you're Anitra - I heard that tall, dark man say it. (She shivers) I don't like him. He scares me. He tried to kill us.

Anitra: He's very efficient at his job. He's a chemist, the last surviving scientist aboard. We'd be lost without him.

Sarah: And doesn't he know it!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting at one of the consoles with the seat swivelled around to face the Doctor and Harry, who are standing before him in the manner of a court martial, flanked by Lester and Kellman. The Commander is making notes on a pad.)

Commander: Is this all you can tell us about yourselves?

Harry: (Brightly) Well, I could go into my school days, cricket eleven, and all that. Also rugger for Dartmouth...

Doctor: I'd have thought you'd have been grateful for any help... in your present situation!

Commander: (Suspiciously) What do you know of our situation here?

Doctor: Only what you've told me, and what I've noticed since returning to the Nerva.

Commander: Well?

Doctor: (Pointing to the console top) These scratches for instance, they're everywhere. Do you know what makes them?

(The Commander shakes his head and looks at Kellman.)

The Doctor leans over to pick up his diary from the desk.)

Lester: (Gun at the Doctor's ribs.) Careful!

Doctor: (Picking up his diary) I'm always careful, (nervously) especially with those things - do you mind not (he gently pushes Lester's arm away) resting it on my third rib... I'm ticklish.

(He opens his diary and finds a page that contains a drawing very similar to the scratch marks on the console. Underneath is written: C on T. 24/10 2240AD. Kellman snatches the diary from the Doctor and places it before the Commander.)

Kellman: What does that mean? C on T?

Doctor: Mean? Well, it's a little difficult to explain. "C" must stand for... er... whatever made the scratchmark.

Kellman: (Impatiently) Obviously.

Doctor: And the "T". That's probably a location of some kind - followed by (triumphantly) a date! 24th October, year twenty-two hundred AD.

Commander: These drawings are identical. This is extremely important Doctor, think carefully. What does "C" stand for?

Doctor: Yes... "C". Now what does it stand for...

Harry: And "T" Doctor? If that's any easier?

Doctor: Yes, of course, "T".

Kellman: Harry up...

Doctor: I'm trying to concentrate - it all happened a long time ago... almost to a different person...

Commander: (To Kellman) Let him take his time.

(The others watch as the Doctor closes his eyes, hand to temple, muttering to himself.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Anitra sits with her eyes closed while Sarah refills the saline drip attached to the dying woman.)

Sarah: There, will that do? (she speaks over her shoulder) Anitra? (she turns) Anitra?

(She turns round, puts down the empty bottle and comes over to Anitra who has fallen asleep through exhaustion. Sarah smiles and takes a thin plastic blanket off one of the beds. She covers up Anitra and switches the sick bay lighting to dim.

She walks over to a small bookshelf, takes down a couple off books and sits back in a chair facing the sick patient and the sleeping Anitra. She settles the chair in a small pool of light and looks at the title of the first book. "Operative Surgery for Nurses". She opens it momentarily and snaps it shut again in horror at what she sees on its pages.

A faint whirring noise from the far end of the sick bay makes her look up from her reading. Thinking that it might be the electronic "nurse", Sarah goes over to Warner's bed but nothing appears to have changed on her chart. The noise stops. Sarah shrugs, goes back to her chair and picks up the second volume, "Social History - 2030-2200". She opens it and starts to read. Unnoticed, a Cybermat slips into the shadows at the far end of the sick bay.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Doctor is now sitting, eyes on the ceiling, his face writhing in concentration as he tries to remember. The Commander is impatiently pacing the floor while Lester sits beside Harry on the console looking bored. Kellman is checking the ship's attitude at the forward end of the cabin.)

Doctor: (A moment of inspiration) Ah, ha!

(The others react and turn to face him as he frantically leafs through his diary.)

Commander: Yes Doctor? (he comes up beside him and looks over his shoulder.)

Doctor: Page 345, 344, 343... that's it! (He looks down excitedly at a scrawl of notes and figures) "C" for... (His face falls.)

Commander: Well what?

Doctor: Celery - a recipe for some kind of Earth soup.

Commander: Recipe?

Doctor: I was quite a gourmet at one time, when I was a little... older!

Commander: (Furious) That's enough. (To Lester) That man's completely cracked. Take him out of here.

(Lester stands, his gun at the ready.)

Lester: Where to skipper?

Commander: Anywhere but here! The messroom. Get them out of my sight.

(Lester motions the Doctor and Harry to precede him to the door.)

Doctor: (Turning at the door) I'm sure I could find the source of the plague - if I was given a free hand.

Commander: (Shouting) Out!

(The door closes behind them as the Commander turns away shaking with rage. Kellman, who is still by the controls, permits himself a tight-lipped smile.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah is almost asleep over her book which slips from her tired grasp onto the floor. Her head lolls against the back of the chair as she finally looses consciousness. A Cybermat climbs unnoticed up the back of her chair leaving a trail of familiar scratches and arches itself ready to strike at Sarah's neck.

Anitra stirs in her sleep, her eyes half opening. She catches sight of the raised form of the Cybermat but her screamed warning comes too late. The creature strikes at Sarah and drops back to the floor before its victim can react. Clutching her neck, Sarah staggers over to Anitra who presses the alarm which rings loudly throughout the beacon.)

INT. MESSROOM

(The Doctor and Harry are being watched over by Lester who leaps to his feet the moment the alarm bells start to ring. He moves over and checks on a small row of lights - the one marked "Sick Bay" is flashing. Lester starts for the door followed by the Doctor and Harry.)

Lester: (Waving his gun) You two get back.

Doctor: No. Sarah's down in that sick bay.

Harry: Don't try and stop us.

(Lester looks undecidedly from one to the other for a brief moment - the alarm continues. He turns and runs out into the corridor followed by the Doctor and Harry.)

INT SICK BAY

(The Cybermat has cornered the two women on the far side of the sick bay, past Warner's bed, where there is a small laboratory bench. Sarah screams as she almost puts her foot on a second Cybermat which moves to cut off their line of retreat. Sarah, almost fainting, holds on to Anitra.)

Sarah: What can we do?

Anitra: I've rung the alarm. They'll be here any minute. If we can just keep them off until they arrive.

(Anitra looks desperately around for something to fend of the advancing Cybermats. She finds a bottle of acid on the bench and flings it at the leading Cybermat. There is a crash as the glass bottle shatters and a whiff of white fumes. The creature stops for a moment but then continues on its previous course unaffected by the acid.

Anitra throws a second bottle with the same result as the first. In desperation, she reaches for a third and hurls it at the advancing Cybermats. It explodes in a fine cloud of glittering dust that rains down over the advancing menace. Their whirring noise rises to a crescendo and they start to circle each other.

The doors at the far end of the sick bay burst open and Lester enters followed by the Doctor and Harry. Lester rushes forward and aims his gun at the Cybermats but the Doctor clutches his arm.)

Doctor: Unnecessary. (He points) They're finished.

(The Cybermats slowly stop moving and come to rest against each other - their whirring dying away. The Doctor crouches over them, touches the glittering dust and holds up his finger.)

Doctor: Gold dust again.

(Sarah suddenly faints, just caught by Harry before she hits the floor. The Doctor rushes over to them and helps Harry lift Sarah on to the bed beside Warner's.)

Harry: What happened to her? (With sudden menace) If you've...

Anitra: No, she's been attacked by those... (she shudders and indicates the Cybermats) those...

Doctor: Cybermats!

(The others look at him in astonishment. He reacts puzzled.)

Doctor: Did I say that? Cybermats! (Pleased) Of course that's what they are...

(He bends over Sarah as Anitra draws back the collar of her dress. The Doctor looks closely.)

Harry: It looks like a snake bite. (To Anitra) Ever seen anything like it before?

Doctor: I have.

Harry: Where Doctor?

(Before the Doctor can answer, the door is thrust open and Kellman enters followed by the Commander. The Commander nods to Lester.)

Commander: Alright Lester. (He flicks his thumb) Control Room.

(Lester exits)

Commander: (To Anitra) Why the alarm? What happened?

Anitra: The girl, Sarah. She's been attacked by a

(She looks at the Doctor who nods to the Commander who goes over to the dormant Cybermats. He bends down to pick one up but the Doctor stops him.)

Doctor: Careful (He demonstrates) Like this.

(He gingerly lifts up the Cybermat by the mid section and turns it over. Underneath it's head are two long thin needles like hypodermics.)

Doctor: I thought so. (He proffers it to the Commander) The source of your plague. (He turns to Anitra) What stopped them?

Anitra: I don't know? I threw everything I had to hand. (She picks up the remains of the last bottle she threw) This I think.

Doctor: (Examining the shattered container) Gold dust. The noble metal!

(The Doctor warms to his subject and the others step back as he waves the Cybermat around with a swing of his long arms.)

Doctor: Here. (He points to some gill-like openieg on the side of the Cybermat) we have some form of lungs. Not, of course, lungs as we know them, but something that reacts to an atmosphere. Something that needs renewing, like our blood cells.

Commander: Then, anything that finds its way in these... gills, blocks the mechanism? Stops them breathing?

Doctor: No, obviously not! Not anything. Not even acid.

(He gingerly touches the broken bottle of spilt acid on the floor with his boot.)

Doctor: Only something perfect, non-corrodible, that will plate the interior and make it unable to react. Gold! Voila - end of Cybermat!

(He places the Cybermat on the floor with a flourish - like a magician who has finished his trick and is waiting for applause. As he straightens he finds himself looking at the business end of Kellman's gun. Anitra goes over to Warner's bed, her medical eye noticing something wrong on the electronic nurse read-out.)

Kellman: Very ingenious Doctor. Now perhaps you will tell us where you've hidden the rest of these little monsters?

Doctor: Me? You think I brought them aboard?

Harry: They've been aboard for months. We've found their scratches everywhere.

Doctor: Something I would have expected the chief scientist to have known... and investigated.

(The two men confront each other. Kellman threatening, the Doctor faintly mocking. Anitra comes between them.)

Anitra: Please Doctor, it's Captain Warner.

(She leads the way over to the sick woman's bed. Harry takes out his stethoscope and listens but the Commander shakes his head.)

Commander: She's gone.

Harry: How can you be sure? (He continues to search for a spark of life.)

Commander: (Bitterly) I've seen most of my crew go that way.

(Harry rises, looks at the Doctor and shrugs. He pulls the sheet over the dead woman's head. Anitra goes to the next bed and looks down at Sarah and gasps. As the others turn round they see the black lines beginning to creep up the side of her neck.)

Harry: (Desperately) I've never seen anything like it. (To Anitra) Can't you do anything?

(Anitra shake her head. Harry looks at the Doctor, frozen in one of his reveries - his long arms hugging his body.)

Harry: Doctor! (the Doctor is still lost in thought) Doctor! Sarah's dangerously ill. Don't you care?

Doctor: (Startled and a little hurt) Harry, of course I care. (He looks down at Sarah) But we must do something now. We must find the antidote.

Anitra: Antidote?

Commander: There is no antidote.

Kellman: Do you suppose we would have stood by and watched the crew die off if there had been an antidote to this?

Doctor: But there must be an antidote. They're far too logical to have created a plague virus without an effective antidote.

(There is a sudden silence.)

Commander: Who - are - they?

(The Doctor is oblivious to the tension in the room, racking old areas of his mind.)

Doctor: The Cybermen, of course!

(He stops, the others react. Again he seems not to realise the implication of what he has said.)

Commander: Did you say... Cybermen?

Doctor: (Hushed voiced) Yes... I did. Cybermats are creatures of the Cybermen. Cybermen control them; use them to kill.

(Kellman is the only one apparently indifferent to the sudden tension in the room.)

Kellman: Nonsense! The Doctor's trying to scare us. Everyone knows the Cybermen died out some fifty years ago.

(The Doctor is thinking furiously, his intense fear communicating itself to the others in the room. He glances around as if for the first time.)

Doctor: That's what we thought. Obviously we were wrong!

(He starts to walk around the room, gingerly looking into the shadows.)

Commander: (Following him) You're not trying to say that there is a Cyberman aboard this ship?

(The Doctor looks behind the Commander at one of the darkest shadows where there is a vague, large form. He jumps back and clutches the Commander's arm. The others react - startled - except for Kellman who switches on the main light. The object is seen to be a long, hanging, white spacesuit. They all react. The Doctor sits down and covers his face with his hands.)

Harry: Phew, Doctor, I wish you wouldn't do that!

Commander: (Irritably) Your nerves are in a worse state than ours man. Pull yourself together.

Kellman: A calculated move Commander. He's trying to bluff us - wear us down.

(The Doctor takes his hands down from his face and looks around a little timidly. Then he brings out the small potentiometer device he used in the Crusher Room. He switches it on.)

Doctor: Bluff! Call this bluff?

(He holds up the meter for the others' inspection. In another change of mood he now seems to have come to grips with his fears and assumes a new presence and authority that silences Kellman and the Commander.)

Doctor: (Speaking quietly and deliberately) There is a Cyberman concealed in this room.

(Despite themselves, the others are impressed. The Doctor motions them to silence as he slowly walks round the room with his clicking meter. He goes from bed to bed, testing for reactions, and passes two portable x-ray machines with no audible change in the meter's output, but as he moves across the room towards six large lockers its clicking starts to rise in intensity.)

Doctor: (In a whisper) What's in those cupboards?

Commander: (Flustered) Not quite sure. Medical supplies, surgical gowns, that kind of thing, I believe.

(The Commander beckons the waiting Kellman forward. For the first time there is fear and a little sweat on the scientists face.)

Commander: You heard the Doctor. What's in there?

Kellman: Not my province - only a couple of them are mine...

Doctor: Which ones?

Kellman: Is this really relevant? (To the Commander) He's trying to distract us from the main issue.

(Anitra comes forward, followed by Harry. Sarah is asleep on the bed.)

Anitra: The first two are mine. Medical supplies and a refrigerated drug store. I use them constantly.

Doctor: And the next two?

Anitra: Professor Kellman uses them for his scientific apparatus.

(During all this the Doctor has been edging closer to the line of lockers, followed by the others. The clicking from the counter is now much louder.)

Doctor: The final two?

Anitra: Emergency supplies - radiation suits, geiger counters and such like...

(The Doctor stops along side the first of these lockers - the clicking is now continuous. He turns to Kellman and holds out his hand.)

Doctor: The keys.

Kellman: (Backing away) I haven't got them on me. (He looks round, a little wildly) I'll get them.

(Harry sees his opportunity, springs forward and disarms Kellman. He brings the gun to bear on the scientist.)

Harry: He asked for the keys... now!

(The Commander interposes.)

Commander: Are you sure Doctor. Remember, if we open the locker, the suits will have to be resterilised.

(For his reply, the Doctor extends his box and the needle swings hard over - the clicking rises to a high pitched rattle as it passes in front of the last two lockers.)

Doctor: I need the keys.

Commander: If there is... something in there... is it wise to... confront it?

Doctor: Only the Cybermen possess the antidote, without it Sarah will die.

(The Commander stands aside but Kellman runs for the door. Harry is just too quick for him, however, and brings him down with a flying rugby tackle.)

Harry: Must I ask again?

(Kellman, the fight all gone out of him, taps his inside pocket and Harry extracts a bunch of keys.)

Harry: Which?

Kellman: (Pointing) Those.

Doctor: (Taking the keys) Thank you Harry. Now don't bruise the Professor too much, we may need him fairly soon.

(Harry gets up and helps a winded, gasping Kellman to his feet.)

Doctor: Good. (He takes the first key) This key - locker No. 5 - right? (Kellman nods)

(Harry stands by and levels his gun as the Doctor takes the key and gingerly turns it in the lock. Everyone involuntarily steps back a pace as the doors swing open - but the locker is full of shelves lined with safety equipment.

The Doctor mops his brow and gives a longing glance back at the far door. For a moment he seems to be contemplating making a run for it - then he catches Harry's eye, gives a sickly smile and braces himself to open the final cupboard.

He turns the key, grasps the handle and flings it open... revealing it to be full of spacesuits. Everyone relaxes as the tension breaks.)

Commander: (Almost falling with relief) Thank god! I confess Doctor you almost had me...

(The Doctor is frozen, eyes wide and staring at the locker interior. He slowly raises his hand and points. At the bottom of the hanging suits are a pair of large silver boots. He slowly backs away as the whole rack of spacesuits cascades outwards. Looming forward out of the darkness emerges the terrifying silver helmet and massive body of a Cyberman.)

EPISODE TWO

The Plague Carriers

INT. SICK BAY

(The humans scatter away from the Cyberman. Harry stands his ground, gun levelled - he raises it to his eye.)

Doctor: No!

(But he is too late. Harry fires and the beam from his gun hits the Cyberman square in the middle of its chest unit. Nothing happens. The Cyberman slowly advances towards Harry who fires again, and then a third time. Neither shot appears to have any effect. The Cyberman stands confronting the young doctor for a moment - there is a flash from the giant's helmet light and a shower of sparks seems to to fly between the helmet and Harry's head and he crashes to the floor. The Doctor and Anitra rush to his side.

The Commander edges back towards the door leading to the corridor. With the Cyberman's attention momentarily diverted by Harry, he seizes his chance and reaches for the handle. The door flies inwards throwing the Commander's hand off the handle by its sheer impact. Another Cyberman stands framed in the doorway.

The Commander pauses for a moment, then tries to get past into the corridor. The monster's silver hand reaches out, grabs his almost contemptuously by the front of his tunic and, with a sweep of the Cyberman's powerful arm flings him back into the room against the nearest bed.

The Cybermen start to move towards the group of humans who are now completely trapped.)

Doctor: (To Anitra) He'll be alright?

Anitra: (Nods) No damage, just knocked out.

(The Doctor turns to the first Cyberman. The second has taken up a position behind them and both stand stock still. The first Cyberman is holding a small black box - a Cybermat control - by his side.)

Doctor: Now you've got us, what can we do for you?

1st Cyberman: We were not ready to meet you. You have disrupted our plan. Now we will all have to wait for the Cyberleader. (As it speaks it presses a control on its chest unit.)

Doctor: Ah yes! The Cyberleader. I'd like to speak to him. (He indicates to Sarah) My friend has been attacked by one of your charming pets.

(He lightly kicks aside one of the Cybermats. The second Cyberman raises it arm threateningly, its hand slanted as if ready for a lethal chop. The Doctor ignores this and turns away as if unconcerned.)

Doctor: We need the antidote to your plague.

(The Doctor stiffens as he hears the Cyberman's step behind him. He reacts - almost white with fear - but determined to conceal it. The Cyberman steps back and lowers its arm.

Behind the Doctor, Harry is coming round and sits up, assisted by Anitra. He is obviously still dazed. The Commander is also slumped on one of the beds, nursing his hand. Kellman stands silently in the background.)

1st Cyberman: You cannot make requests.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester is watching one of the monitor screens. He has seen the entry of the Cybermen.)

1st Cyberman: (O.S.V.) We control the Nerve. When we are ready, you will receive our orders. Anyone who disobeys will be instantly destroyed.

(Lester reaches out impulsively and clutches his gun. He rises angrily, then, in an agony of indecision, he slams the weapon down on the table and sits down again, watching the screen.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The Doctor is now seated beside the Commander on the bed, consulting his diary. He stops turning the pages, nudges the Commander and indicates. The page reads: Cybermen Vulnerable to - and a list of numbers and words crossed through including "Heat", "Vacuum", "Bullets". At the bottom of the list is a word ticked and heavily underlined - "Radiation".

The Doctor leans forward and whispers something to the Commander's ear who nods in agreement and rises to his feet. As he does so he looks round at the TV scanner up on the wall. He speaks loudly as if to the Cybermen but trying to reach the watching Lester in the control room.)

Commander: We will wait for your leader and listen to what he has to say. In the meantime you must help us. We have to treat our injured colleagues.

(While he is talking, the Doctor and Anitra assist Harry to the bed beside Sarah and lay him down. For a moment Harry shakes off their hands, he is feeling better, but after a whispered word from the Doctor he subsides and lays back on the bed.

The Doctor goes over to one of the portable x-ray machines that stands beside Sarah while Anitra crosses to a similar unit beside Harry's bed. They proceed to make the machines operational as if to examine the Doctor's companions.)

Commander: To do this properly we must dim the lights. Do you understand?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester is watching the screen intently, listening to his Commander. He begins to comprehend.)

Commander: (O.S.V.) The room must be blacked out as this examination process is effected by light.

(Lester's hand moves over to the main lighting controls beside his monitor.)

INT. SICK BAY

Commander: When I give the order you will dim the lights.

1st Cyberman: We do not take orders from you. If you attempt to change the lighting we shall have to destroy you.

(The Commander looks at the others, raises his hands as if helpless, and sits on a bed. The Doctor is now standing by one of the portable machines. Harry, propped up in bed, leans up against the other one.)

Commander: I'm sorry. What can I do... NOW! (His last word rings out - a clear command.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester snaps down the dimmer switch to its full extent.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The lights fall to an infra-red glow. As they do so, the Doctor and Harry - springing up from his bed - turn their x-ray machines towards the Cybermen.

There is a brilliant blue flash from the Doctor's machine as he over-loads its out-put and the first Cyberman, which has moved forward threateningly, stops dead in its tracks as it is illuminated by the incandescent glow of the radioactive emission. The second Cyberman also receives a full frontal blast from Harry's machine that sends it reeling.

A second exposure from the Doctor's x-ray machine throws the first Cyberman back a step. The second Cyberman starts to detach its weapon from under its chest unit, but before it can get it free, Harry delivers a second blinding flash of radiation, full into the face of the on-coming monster. It staggers back - hands up in front of its face - emitting a shrill electronic scream.

Harry fires again, which sends the second Cyberman slamming into the door, and seeing this, the first Cyberman moves towards its companion. The Doctor, spotting his chance, darts out from behind his machine and pulls the Cybermat control box from the weakened grasp of the first Cyberman. A large silver fist raises to strike him down, but he dives for the floor just in time to miss the blow which swishes over his head. However, the now prostrate Doctor is an easy target for a second attack.

Harry swings his x-ray machine towards the towering monster and fires almost point black into the face of the oncoming Cyberman. The Doctor, clutching the Cybermat control box, scrambles to safety.

The first Cyberman staggers back to its companion which is slumped into a sitting position by the door. It puts an arm around the hunched silver figure and half drags - half lifts it out of the room. The door swings shut behind them and Harry moves his machine to cover their exit.)

Doctor: (Calling) Lights.

(The lights brighten to full again. The Doctor turns to Harry who has reached the end of his x-ray machine's power line.)

Doctor: No, leave it. First round to us I think!

(He turns away and comes face to face with Kellman who has remained silent and immobile at the back of the sick bay throughout the battle.)

Doctor: (Ironically) Thanks for all the help, Professor.

Kellman: (Turning to the Commander) I see no reason to risk all our lives by resisting. Now we've turned them into our enemies, without hearing what they had to say.

(The Commander turns irresolutely to the Doctor.)

Commander: Well Doctor?

Doctor: (Impressively) Always remember one thing when dealing with Cybermen. They are creatures with one basic drive - sheer naked power. They are also totally logical. When they are on top they will listen to no arguments - make no treaties. Why should they? Now we have shown we can fight back. We are not defenceless; therefore they will listen to us. We can, just possibly, do a deal with them. Get the plague antidote for Sarah.

Kellman: Unlikely. They are more likely to kill us all now - and take over the Nerva.

Doctor: I think not. For some reason they need us. Especially you. (He turns back to the Commander) And what remains of your crew. They have some special use for us... alive.

Kellman: How can we find out?

Doctor: There is one way. We must find the Cyberleader.

Harry: (Drily) Unless he finds us first!

Doctor: I don't think so. I think he must be hidden on the Nerva somewhere... dormant! These creatures take a long time to re-activate. You saw the Cybermen press the reactivation button - they were prepared to wait here some time. If we can find him before he is fully reactivated, we might be able to get him under control.

Kellman: And you expect the other two Cybermen to simply stand aside and let this happen?

Doctor: They've been badly irradiated. They'll need time to recuperate. We must find their hiding place before they've recovered.

Harry: What are we waiting for? Let's look for them. (He turns to the door)

Commander: One moment! Where do you think we're going to look? We've searched the Nerva countless times during the emergency, and found nothing.

Kellman: They must have materialised aboard - as you did.

Doctor: No. The Cybermen can't materialise, or at least I don't think they can. They must be hidden somewhere aboard.

Kellman: (Turning to his work-bench) You can expect no assistance from me, Doctor. I'm staying here.

Doctor: Thank you. That'll be the most helpful contribution you could make.

(Kellman looks angrily back at him, but the Doctor obviously means it and has turned his attention to the Commander.)

Doctor: Perhaps we could start off by looking at your plan of the Nerva.

(The Commander nods and starts to lead the way out of the sick bay. Kellman and Harry follow, but the Doctor hesitates for a moment - his attention focused on the Cybermat control box he is holding. He stares at it a little uncertainly, then places it on the side table by Sarah's bed.)

Anitra: (Urgently) Don't be too long finding the antidote, will you Doctor?

(He looks down and sees that the thick black lines have spread further up the side of her neck.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is illustrating the main areas of the Nerva on a large scale plan of the beacon.)

Commander: The last search was held about six weeks ago. We went through the ship from stem to stern - result, nothing!

(The Doctor, Harry, Lester and Kellman examine the plan.)

Doctor: How many searchers?

Commander: Eh? Well, there must have been... (He looks at Kellman)

Kellman: There were eight of us.

Lester: (Bitterly) Only three of whom are still alive.

Doctor: Was anyone taken ill - after the search?

Lester: (Nods) Garroway and Simmonds.

Doctor: (Leaning on the map) Which area did they search?

Commander: (Thinks for a moment) They were with Professor Kellman. (He indicates to the plan) The so-called red section beneath the main corridors; food stores, storage tanks. It runs between (he indicates) the Gyro room directly below us, to the docking modules and dematerialisation room.

Doctor: Thank you. That's the area we'll take. (He nudges Harry) May we take this plan?

Kellman: Commander, I protest. That area has always been under my staff.

Doctor: But now you haven't got a staff, have you? Unless you'd like to recruit us? (Kellman's face twists with anger as the Doctor turns to the Commander.) I suggest a further search of the living quarters Commander. Taking one of the portable x-ray machines with you... just in case you run across anything. (He waves his hand) Come on Harry.

(The Doctor and Harry leave. Kellman whips round furiously to the Commander.)

Kellman: You give that man carte blanche to do what he likes aboard this ship. Why?

Commander: He's been right so far. We (Looking at Kellman) seem unable to cope with these monsters!

Lester: (Enjoying this) Let's face it. The Doctor and his mate have quite Professor... which is more than can be said for some of us.

(Lester turns on his heels and walks out of the control room, followed by the Commander. Kellman's face is a mask of hatred.)

INT. STORES

(The stores is a long room lined with shelves, stacked high with plastic packets of food.)

Harry: (Reading from one of the packets) Raw fish and seaweed salad. (With disgust) How exotic can you get! Irish stew's top favourite for the men of my ship. What do you say Doctor?

(He turns, package in hand but the Doctor is at the far end of the room. He throws down the package and walks up to him. The Doctor is examining a set of dials and stopcock style handles set beside a heavy circular pressurised door. The Doctor hands Harry the plan.)

Doctor: Here, what do you make of this?

(Harry unrolls the plan slightly and consults it.)

Harry: We've come to the liquid oxygen tanks. (Reads for a moment) For emergencies, if the oxygen plant packs up or the outer skin of the Nerva is cracked open by a meteorite, the liquid oxygen turns to gas as soon as the pressure is released.

Doctor: (Impatiently) Quite finished? (Harry nods) I'm well aware of all that! I'm also aware that the good professor told us that he'd searched the entire red section. No mention was made of having searched these oxygen tanks.

Harry: Well, he could hardly search these - not without expelling their contents. (He looks at the plan) And there's nowhere else to store it.

Doctor: Nevertheless, here's a large area of the ship unsearched.

Harry: Come on Doctor, nobody could live in those tanks.

Doctor: Nobody? A Cyberman could.

(Harry reacts, then looks at the dials. He taps one with his finger, bringing the Doctor's attention to the tanks internal pressure. It reads 88% of total capacity.)

Harry: Pressure nearly up to full. Surely no-one - not even a Cyberman -could have got inside here without a considerable drop in pressure?

Doctor: Perhaps you're right. Where do we go from here?

Harry: (Consulting the plan) Up the ladder to the corridor, then to the Gyro room. Next room to this.

Doctor: End of search?

Harry: Seems so.

(The Doctor shrugs and turns to the ladder, then turns back, causing Harry to lose his balance and topple over backwards.)

Doctor: No. It is not the end of the search. There has to be an explanation. Cybermen don't just disappear into thin air. (He points) If that's the only unsearched section of the ship, they must be in there. A colleague of mine once said: "Eliminate all the possibilities and what remains, however improbable, must be the solution".

Harry: That's rather good. (He thinks and does a double take) But isn't that... of course... Sherlock Holmes! Now Doctor, don't say you've worked with Sherlock Holmes!

Doctor: (The Doctor is examining the release controls) Holmes? No, that wasn't his name... more like... Doyle! (He traces the release valve control) If we turn this...

Harry: (Alarmed) Doctor. You can't waste oxygen like that. It's for emergencies...

(The Doctor stops for a moment and then draws a small blade from his pocket with a triumphant flourish. He starts to prise away the front on the pressure dial which levers off with surprising ease and the workings of the gauge are now quite clearly displayed. The Doctor motions to Harry to look at his handy work and smiles a broad grin. Indicating with the blade, the Doctor points out a small rod jammed behind the needle on the dial. With a quick flick the Doctor knocks it free and the needle slowly slides down so that the dial reads "One Atmosphere".)

Harry: Well I'll be... (He grasps the opening wheel to the oxygen store.)

Doctor: One moment. (He goes to the intercom) Let's tell the Commander where we are first. And get some idea of what's inside there. (He presses the call button) Hello? Commander?

INT. MESSROOM

(The lockers are open all down one side and Lester, Kellman and the Commander are methodically searching them. The intercom tone rings. The Commander presses a button and speaks into the device.)

Commander: Commander Stevenson here.

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Commander. Did you know that your spare oxygen tank was empty? (The Commander, thunderstruck, looks at the other two men. He pauses) I thought not. Someone knows. The dial needle's been fixed to register full.

Kellman: (Starting forward) That's impossible!

Commander: (To Kellman) You'd better investigate. (Kellman starts for the door)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) We're going inside. Any idea what we're likely to find there?

INT. STORES ROOM

Commander: (O.O.V.) When the Nerva was first commissioned, it was used as a store room. Navigational aides, sodium markers, signals of various kinds.

Doctor: Thank you.

Commander: (O.O.V.) Be on your guard.

Doctor: We always are. (He turns to Harry) Open the door. I've an idea we may expect a visitor very shortly.

(Harry nods and swings the operating wheel. The door swings open easily.)

Harry: Been used. Not too long ago.

(The two men cautiously enter the oxygen tank.)

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(The tank is poorly illuminated from a couple of overhead working lights. The structure of the Nerva is clearly visible in the large metal ribs strengthening the double metal skins of the spacecraft. On either side of the central companionway are racks labelled "Tools", "Signal Rockets", "Canopies", etc. Most are empty. Underneath them are four long boxes constructed of some lightweight wood. These are labelled "Nylon Rope", "Safety Cords", etc. They are roughly two to three feet wide. After a quick examination of the racks, the two men's attention become fixed on these.)

Harry: You know Doctor... If I wanted to stash away a Cyberman or two...

Doctor: Yes?

(He backs away slightly as Harry picks up a crowbar from one of the tool racks and inserts it under the edge of the lid of the nearest box.)

Doctor: (Nervously) You didn't happen to bring down an x-ray gun did you?

Harry: (Surprised) No Doctor. Why?

Doctor: (Faintly) Might have come in handy!

(Harry looks back at him, as always, surprised at the Doctor's sudden bout of nerves.)

Harry: You do want me to open the darn thing?

(The Doctor nods, holding on to one of the racks for support. Harry slowly levers open the lid, looks down and starts back.)

Doctor: (His eyes closed) What is it? The Cyberleader?

Harry: No Doctor. (Urgently) You'd better look.

(The Doctor opens his eyes and looks at him, surprised at his tone, then comes over to Harry's side and looks down. Lying in the box is a skeleton. It is wearing a lizard skin tunic and a leather skull-cap like a miners helmet. Around its neck is a pair of small circular blue goggles. The Doctor reacts, then bends down to examine it more closely. He touches the tunic and comes up with the bright glitter of gold dust on his hand.)

Doctor: Gold dust again. How long do you think he's been there?

Harry: Hard to say. Over a year anyway.

Doctor: Over a year! Before the Cyber-plague! And nobody mentioned missing crew members before the plague started six months ago.

Harry: Somebody aboard must know.

Doctor: I've no doubt!

(The Doctor bends down and removes a small gold locket on a chain from around the skeleton's neck. He tries to open it. Embossed on it are the initials J.E.E.)

Harry: We should be able to identify him from that - J.E.E.

(The Doctor nods and slips the locket into his pocket.)

Harry: He must have been taken ill and... fallen in? (It sounds lame - even to Harry.)

Doctor: You don't think that any more than I do! He was murdered and stashed here. (He swings down the lid.)

Harry: The Cybermen?

Doctor: (Shaking his head) No. Not their handiwork! Somebody with a human motive... gold! Let's open up the other boxes.

(The discovery seems to have brought a new mood of urgency to the Doctor. His fears apparently forgotten, he now takes the lead.)

Doctor: Stand back.

(The Doctor slowly levers up the second lid, looks down and reacts. The huge figure of a Cyberman fills the chest. The Doctor yells and drops the lid again, then sits on it.)

Harry: A Cyberman?

Doctor: One of the injured ones.

Harry: Couldn't it be lying dormant - like a wounded animal?

(The Doctor nods, still shaken. Harry walks across to the other two boxes, crowbar in hand. He lifts the lid of the first box and exposes another dormant silver figure.)

Harry: Doctor... (the Doctor comes over) Our second victim!

Doctor: That accounts for those two...

(He stands looking down at the Cyberman while Harry goes over to the fourth chest and levers it open. Another Cyberman.)

Harry: (In a whisper) There's a third one Doctor. Could it be the Cyberleader?

(The Doctor walks over and inspects the third Cyberman. He shakes his head.)

Doctor: No. Cyberleaders are larger. (He waves his hand over his head to show just how large) with different helmets.

Harry: Is there anything we can do while they're dormant?

(The Doctor shakes his head.)

Doctor: It would wake them. Put down the lid Harry.

Harry: Well there's one thing I can do! (He closes the lid on the third Cyberman.) Navy training comes in useful sometimes Doctor. Whatever you say!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting at a console looking at the internal monitors. He looks tired and grey. Lester stands beside him, check list in hand.)

Lester: That's it. We've checked the entire ship, excluding stores, Gyro room, your cabin and this room. (He looks around.)

Commander: I'll answer for my quarters and there's always been someone on watch here.

Lester: Gyro room?

Commander: Professor Kellman's province.

Lester: (Flatly) Yes.

Commander: (He hesitates for a moment) Alright - search it.

(Lester leads the way over to the companionway leading down to the Gyro room.)

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(Harry has been nailing down and lashing the Cyberman's chests. He tightens the nylon ropes around the third chest with a spanish windlass. The others are similarly lashed and nailed. The Doctor is ignoring Harry's efforts and is instead examining the skeleton's helmet.)

Harry: There... (He admires his handy work) Like to see them get out of those!

Doctor: Harry. Does this look like a space helmet to you?

Harry: (Coming over) None that I've ever seen. (Looking) Surely it's a... miner's helmet!

Doctor: Aboard a spaceship?

(But Harry is listening to something - an insistent high frequency note. He puts his hands up to his ears in some discomfort.)

Harry: Do you hear it Doctor? A high pitched wine.

(The Doctor replaces the helmet and listens. The end door swings shut with a clang that echoes throughout the tank. Harry runs over and tries to open it.)

Harry: It's been shut from outside. There's no handle on this side.

Doctor: (Crossing to the door) Our friend Kellman again!

Harry: But what's he to gain by it? The others know where we are. You don't suppose the deckhead...

(He looks nervously up at the deckhead for a moment and mimes it moving down upon them but there is no sign of movement.)

Doctor: No. We're safe enough here. (Thinks) Except for...

(He turns to look. The high frequency note is still echoing through the room.)

Harry: The Cybermen!

(There is a sudden report like a pistol shot. Both men spin round.)

Harry: There Doctor!

(They walk over to the first of the chests containing a Cyberman. One of the ropes has parted.)

Harry: (Amazed) Two inch nylon! (Another rope snaps... and another.) If we piled those blocks... (he indicates) on top... do you suppose...?

Doctor: Against the strength of a Cyberman? I could have told you it wouldn't hold...

(Behind them the ropes on the second chest begin to fray and snap with deafening reports that resonate around them. They back away to the far end of the tank as the ropes on the third chest starts to strand and break. The long lid of the first chest splinters from the pounding blows of the trapped Cyberman.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Lester comes down the companionway from the control cabin. The cone-shaped room is dominated by the huge gyro-mechanism at its centre which is set slightly into the floor and housed in a clear tube. It gives off a low hum. On either side are banks of computers and at one end a door marked "Oxygen Tank".)

Lester: There's no place to hide one of their Cybermats - let alone a Cyberman.

(Kellman enters down the companionway.)

Kellman: I could have told you that. Spared you the effort.

Lester: (Caustically) Don't worry. It was worth making. I like to be sure.

Commander: Listen! (The breaking ropes can just be heard in the gyro room.) Did you hear anything?

Lester: (Nods) Can't say what it was.

Kellman: We must determine a plan of action. We cannot let the Doctor and his companion rampage throughout the ship.

(There is a series of muffled crashes from the oxygen tank. Lester strides over to the door.)

Lester: Seems to be coming from in there.

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(The Doctor and Harry have their backs to the pressure door leading to the gyro room. The eight foot lid of the first chest crashes open and the head and shoulders of a Cyberman rise into view. Harry runs over to the tool rack and grasps a crowbar. As he warily returns to the Doctor, the second chest practically explodes from within - showering him with wood fragments. The third lid bursts open and Harry raises his weapon.)

Doctor: No use on them Harry, try it on the door.

(They turn to the door and try and find a purchase for the crowbar: there is a small overhanging lip. They engage one end of the bar and fling all their weight against the other but the door doesn't budge. Exhausted, the Doctor turns to face the closing ring of Cybermen.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Lester is listening intently at the door to the oxygen tank. He seizes the wheel and starts to turn it. Kellman comes up to him and grasps the other side of the wheel.)

Kellman: I forbid you to open that door.

(Lester looks at him for a moment, flexes his muscles, and despite Kellman, slowly turns the wheel. Kellman tries to resist for a moment, then, as the wheel abruptly turns its full revolution, is flung off. The door opens and the Doctor and Harry fall through.

A Cyberman steps forward towards the opening but despite Lester's quick reactions, it manages to get an arm between the door and its frame.)

Lester: Help me!

(The Doctor, Harry and the Commander see what is happening - Lester is being forced back. They add their strength and weight to his but the single Cyberman holds its own and the door slowly starts to inch open.)

Doctor: Open it - then slam the door.

(The door swings inwards, almost toppling the Cyberman in on the humans, who immediately slam it shut again. There is a dull metallic thud as the door catches the Cyberman full in the face, throwing it back into the oxygen tank. The men turn the locking wheel and for a few seconds the sound of metal fists against the door can be heard. Harry and the Doctor catch their breath.)

Doctor: (Still panting) We found your Cybermen for you!

Commander: So I see.

Kellman: Congratulations.

Doctor: Only question is... why were they allowed to hide there - unmolested! (Turning to Kellman) In your search area.

Kellman: We're not all scientists of your eminence Doctor. I didn't know the oxygen tank was empty. (He turns away from them and takes something out from his pocket.)

Lester: What's he got there?

(He jumps Kellman and swings him round. In Kellman's hand is a small black control box similar to the Cybermat control unit. His thumb is triggering a button. A high pitched frequency seems to fill the gyro room.)

Harry: I've heard that before!

Commander: What the devil is it?

Doctor: Some kind of Cyberman call signal I imagine. It activated the dormant Cybermen inside there.

Harry: (Starting forward) He's still pressing it.

Lester: (Raising his fist) Let me... (The Doctor interposes and Kellman breaks free.)

Doctor: Let him be. He's summoning his master - the Cyberleader.

Commander: (Incredulously) Professor. Answer him. Is it true?

(Kellman stands stock still, his back against the bulkhead.)

Doctor: Without him the Cybermen's plan wouldn't have stood a chance. He concealed them, let them out when necessary and re-activated them by means of that control box.

Lester: (Beside himself with rage) Murderer!

Doctor: (Holding Lester back) Wait...

(The cabin starts to fill with a dull greenish light that appears to be emanating from within one of the gyro room walls. Silhouetted in the glow is a huge figure, wrapped in an embryonic ball. Slowly it starts to uncurl - stretching its arms and legs in a grotesque slow-motion ballet.

The bulkhead suddenly splits from the impact of a gigantic silver fist and the massive figure of the Cyberleader steps into the room. Greater in stature than the other Cybermen, it is also slightly different in form. Its head is highly domed and lined with what appears to be a network of veins.

Lester picks up Harry's crowbar and rushes at the Cyberman, but a single swipe from its arm sends him bowling over backwards to lie unconscious beside the gyro-mechanism.)

Cyberleader: You should have learned by now. Resistance is useless.

(Kellman steps towards the door to the oxygen tank.)

Commander: You traitor...

(He goes to seize Kellman but in two massive stride the Cyberleader is upon him and with a single glancing blow it sends the Commander reeling back. Kellman steps aside as the Cyberleader spins the door wheel and pulls the hatch open. One by one the other three Cybermen enter the room and form a semicircle around the humans.)

Cyberleader: You have been unwise. You have forced us to act before we were ready. Now you will have to aid our plan.

Commander: What plan?

Cyberleader: Our orders are to destroy the asteroid lying beyond the Nerva.

Commander: Impossible! We have no weapons of that calibre aboard this ship.

Cyberleader: You have one weapon that we can make use of.

Commander: What is that?

Cyberleader: The Nerva itself. We mean to impact it into the asteroid.

Commander: You're completely insane!

(The Cyberleader moves forward, threatening the Commander. The Doctor interposes.)

Doctor: What he meant was... there is not a lot of mass here... compared with the asteroid.

Cyberleader: It has been calculated.

(The Cyberleader pulls a circular inspection cover from the gyro housing and places it on the top of one of the computer banks.)

Cyberleader: The Nerva will attain sufficient velocity so that when it hits the asteroid at the selected location...

(The Cyberleader slams its hand down on the edge of the inspection cover which spins across the room and shatters on the far wall.)

Cyberleader: The asteroid will be struck out of orbit. It will spin off, over and over, until it burns up in the nearest star.

EPISODE THREE

The Gold Miners

INT. GYRO ROOM

(The Commander is tending to Lester, who is slowly coming to. He turns to the Cyberleader.)

Commander: Why lose your lives to destroy a barren asteroid?

Cyberleader: This asteroid is not barren. It is a major producer of the metal you call gold. Fortunately, there is very little gold left in the universe. As you have discovered, it can be used to destroy our Cybermats. It can also be used to destroy us. Therefore, this asteroid must be obliterated.

Commander: What happens to us... and yourselves?

Cyberleader: We are prepared to be destroyed when the Nerva impacts the asteroid. The Cyber-race will survive. That is all that is important.

Doctor: He also asked - what happens to us?

Cyberleader: We need your help. If you collaborate, as Professor Kellman has, we will let you leave in a shuttle.

Commander: How can we trust you to keep your word? You've killed my crew... (He turns to Kellman, barely holding his emotions in check.)

Kellman: (Smiling) First I must make my trip to the asteroid.

Cyberleader: You will check our point of impact.

Kellman: I must prepare to leave now.

Cyberleader: (To the Commander) How long will it take you to bring the Nerva's reactors to full capacity?

Commander: Four hours.

Cyberleader: (To Kellman) Then you must return in four hours.

(Kellman nods and exits. The Cyberleader turns to the Commander who is in an agony of indecision.)

Doctor: I think I can persuade the crew to help you. And add our own modest skills... (Harry and the Commander look at him in surprise) On one condition.

Cyberleader: Cybermen do not make conditions.

Doctor: Oh, I think you'll agree to this one. Really quite trivial in your eyes. We need the antidote to your plague for one of our party.

(The Cyberleader looks at him for a long moment, then turns to one of the other Cybermen who, at an inviaible signal, extracts a small phial from the top of its chest unit.)

Cyberleader: It is unimportant whether your companion lives or dies. You will now co-operate.

Doctor: Provided your plan doesn't mean the deaths of further humans beings.

Cyberleader: I have told you. You cannot make conditions.

Doctor: Let's put it another way. Have I your word that no more humans will be killed?

Cyberleader: Yes.

Doctor: (Smiling) Then we agree. (He holds out his hand for the phial. The Cyberman hands it to him.) I suggest you... (turning to the Commander) and your crew fully co-operate with them.

(Lester sits up, almost recovered.)

Commander: (Again a touch of false heroics.) In the destruction of my ship? Never!

Doctor: I think you've done the utmost for your ship Commander. (Sharply) Your duty is also to save the lives of your remaining crew. As for now, we have no option but to obey them.

(Something of the Doctor's message gets through to the Commander. He nods and turns to help Lester to his feet. The Doctor turns to the Cyberleader.)

Doctor: My companion and I are doctors. We shall need to administer this to our infected friend in the sick bay. Afterwards we will be entirely at your disposal. (He turns to go, followed by Harry.)

Cyberleader: Wait. Two Cybermen will go with you. We will not leave you alone with the x-ray machines.

(The Doctor and Harry leave with their escort. The Cyberleader turns to the Commander.)

Cyberleader: Now go and start up the reactor. A Cyberman will be on guard outside the reactor room. If you attempt sabotage you will be instantly destroyed.

Lester: (Almost shouting) In that case - why trust us at all? Why not kill us and work the reactor yourself?

Cyberleader: (To the Commander) That is the second irrational outburst we have witnessed. It is for that reason the Cybermen will eventually triumph over humans. We have no emotions. We are purely logical. (To Lester) Cybermen cannot tolerate even low doses of radiation - as the Doctor has found out. You are therefore needed to work the reactors. (The Cyberleader steps forward and leans over Lester) There is no need to destroy you - but we will if you force us. Now go.

(The Commander nods to Lester, who, with one final glare at the Cyberleader, obeys. They exit followed by the third Cyberman.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Harry has just administered the antidote to Sarah. The thick black lines have practically reached her temples. Anitra and the Doctor sit and watch Harry as he checks her condition.)

Harry: (To the Doctor) Do you think it will work Doctor? The plague is pretty well advanced.

Doctor: (Turning to Anitra) What do you think?

Anitra: I can't tell. I can only hope... it's in time to save her.

(She turns away distressed. The Doctor brings out his diary and consults it.)

Doctor: It should work. Take a look.

(The Doctor hands her his diary. She looks at it and tries to make sense of the jumbled letters and figures and hands it to Harry. He glances at it, shrugs and hands it back to the Doctor.)

Harry: You're the only one who can make that out Doctor.

Doctor: (Brightly) Then you'll just have to trust me, won't you?

(He turns away from them for a moment to look at Sarah, his face showing a concern that belies his air of confidence. He pulls himself together and looks at his watch.)

Doctor: (In a whisper) How long will it take Kellman to get the dematerialisation mechanism working?

Anitra: (Doubtfully) It hasn't been used for some time. Could take up to half an hour to get it re-calibrated and ready.

Doctor: Good, then I've got fifteen minutes to get there... with your help.

(He looks towards the end of the ward where the two Cybermen are demolishing the x-ray machines.)

Doctor: Now listen... (He leans forward and beckons the others closer) I don't believe the Cybermen. I think there probably is life on the asteroid. Before we help them destroy it we must be certain.

(Harry looks at him blankly, then the light dawns.)

Harry: The skeleton!

Doctor: Exactly. And there is Kellman. I think he's playing some kind of double game - deceiving the Cybermen as well. Whatever he's up to could be useful. I must follow him down to the asteroid. (He glances at the Cybermen) We could do with a little gold dust.

Anitra: But Doctor, (She looks at the Cybermen) they'll never let you past.

Doctor: I've an idea.

(The Cybermen continue to dismantle the x-ray machines as the Doctor whispers his plan. The others nod and the Doctor lowers himself under the bed next to Sarah's.

Harry and Anitra open one of the lockers and wheel out an electroencephalograph. At first glance it bears a superficial resemblance to the x-ray machines. The Cybermen react to the sight of equipment and, thinking it to be potentially dangerous, draw their weapons and move back towards the door. Their attention momentarily distracted, the Doctor opens the crusher's service hatch and slips through.

Harry holds up his hands in innocent surprise as Anitra starts to take Sarah's heart readings. Seeing the machine to be harmless, the Cybermen lower their weapons and step back into the room. Harry and Anitra exchange a look of relief. Glancing down they see the first stirring from Sarah, who starts to open her eyes.)

INT. DEMATERIALISATION ROOM

(A fairly bare, hexagonal room like an enlarged shower stall. At one side are the controls which feature a set of timers marked "Beam Out" and "Auto Return". Kellman, watched by the Doctor through a small window in the door, is setting the timers. The first for two minutes and the second for three hours.

Kellman walks to the centre of the room and stands under one of the three dematerialisers. Under the second he carefully places a bulging rucksack. A beam of light comes down and he slowly fades away - together with the rucksack.

The Doctor enters and walks over to the controls. He examines them for a moment - checks the time carefully with his watch - and resets the dials. He walks over to the dematerialiser and waits... nothing happens. He looks puzzled and starts to walk back to the controls. The beam starts - he does a double take and races back - just in time. The image of the Doctor slowly fades away.)

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The Doctor materialises and looks around at the smooth sided cavern. There is no sign of Kellman. Glancing down, he notices Kellman's footprints in the soft sand but they appear to lead into a blank rock face. Looking puzzled, the Doctor sits on a boulder, his attention caught by a vein of what appears to be some kind of sparkling ore. He slides off the rock and kneels down, following the line of it with his hand. Slightly under an overhanging bulge in the rock he was sitting on is a small panel of buttons. Apprehensively, the Doctor presses one and an area of apparently solid cavern wall starts to move.)

INT. MINE TUNNEL

(Leading off into the darkness are a set of rusting rails, and a row of abandoned wagons sit on a disused siding loaded with piles of mining paraphernalia. In places the roof is dangerously low and piles of fallen rock litter the tunnel's uneven floor.

Kellman stumbles and curses as his flashlight flickers and shows signs of packing up. He gives it a jolt and its beam returns to full intensity. Picked out in its rays is a tall figure, similar to an Easter Island statue but made of solid gold. Kellman fails to react, he has obviously seen it before.

Kellman stops for a moment to rub his injured shin. There is a sound from the tunnel behind him and he wheels round, pulling out his gun. He shines the torch back the way he came but it fails to show anything except for fallen rock. Nervously, he gathers up his pack and continues on his slow, stumbling way.

Back along the tunnel, the Doctor has reached the gold statue. He reaches out and touches its face. In contrast to Kellman, he seems to have few problems with the near darkness, wending his way lightly and unerringly over fallen boulders.

Kellman pauses before a large metal door at the end of the tunnel. It is all but off its hinges, leaning inwards at an angle, with plenty of room to pass through. He hesitates, then cautiously looks around the corner, gun ready.)

INT. MINERS' CAVERN

(A long low cavern, once the winding room of the mine, but now with the mechanism aped and rusting. At the far end are the rails leading down into the labyrinth of the mine. Along the tracks are more broken wagons, picks, drills and shovels. Everything sparkles with fine gold dust.

On the other side of the cavern are the living quarters of the miners - metal bunks, a long messtable, broken lockers and disused metal wash basins. Almost everything is made from gold giving the place the look of Tutankhamun's tomb. At the far end is an alcove, covered with a heavy tapestry.

Four men are sitting at the messtable. Three more are lying on their bunks. At the head of the table sits Evans, their leader. Like the others, he presents a grotesque, almost animal-like image. All the men wear small, circular blue goggles and protective skull-caps. Their clothes are patched with lizard skins and held together with gold clasps, and from their belts hang golden knives. All the men are in their forties and fifties.

Kellman watches the miners for a moment from the door and starts to enter but pulls back at the last moment as a fight breaks out. On the messtable between two of the miners is a large black, fat slug. One of the men, Williams, has divided it. The other man, Jones, is on his feet, leaning over threateningly.)

Jones: You're a liar. A blind man could see it's not equal.

(The other man backs away to his bunk and reaches for a pickaxe.)

Williams: Seeing it was me as found it, you're lucky to get even a piece of the tail.

(With a cry, Williams whirls the pickaxe, embedding it in the table an inch from Jones' hand. Jones springs back as the other miners leave their bunks and cluster round expectantly. Williams pulls the pickaxe from the wood and starts to stalk the other man around the end of the table.

There is a thump at the far end of the table. Evans is standing commandingly, a small ornate gold bar - like a Field Marshal's baton - in his hand.)

Evans: Stop! Stop! Do you hear, or I'll crack your foolish skulls open.

(He strides to the alcove and draws back the heavy curtain. Behind it, in a blaze of light, is a huge Easter Island statue. Around its base are piled gold ingots, nuggets and dust.)

Evans: Are we animals... to fight in the presence of Ria?

(The quarrel stops. All the men rise and stand, with

bowed heads, as if before their god. Kellman slips into the room, his attention fixed on the idol. Evans sees him and pulls back the curtain.)

Evans: A spy!

(The other men move forward threateningly. Evans comes forward to peer myopically at his face.)

Kellman: You know me... Professor Kellman.

Evans: Yes. We haven't seen you for many months. Why have you returned? (He peers behind Kellman) Where is my son?

Kellman: John stayed behind on the Nerva. He sent me down with more food for you.

(There is a cry from the starving miners. Kellman takes off his large rucksack and empties it on the table. A pile of plastic packaged food falls out. The miners make a rush and fight over it - retiring to their bunks with their spoils, like wild animals.

The Doctor has been watching this scene from behind the row of bunks, which to his surprise appear to be made from solid gold. He fingers the shining metal in disbelief.

Kellman empties out a couple of packets of food from a side pocket on his rucksack and presents them to Evans.)

Kellman: For you. Your son helped me select them. He said they were your favourites.

Evans: How is my son?

Kellman: Fine. He's been a great help to me in persuading the Nerva Commander to take you all aboard.

Evans: When? When are we going to leave this hell?

Kellman: As I told you. We've got our own problems aboard. We'll have to wait until the plague has died out... also... (he hesitates.)

Evans: Also what? We've been virtual prisoners here for twenty-five years man. Flesh and blood can't stand much more. (He points to the table) See what we're reduced to eating. Slugs! (He grabs Kellman by the tunic) Our eyes can't stand even this light without protection. How much longer can you and your captain keep us in this agony? Are you men like us... with pity?

Kellman: Of course. But there are still some aboard who feel differently. Feel that we shall be putting the Nerva at risk. They require... a guarantee of good behaviour - more gold.

(Evans reacts suspiciously. The other miners exchange apprehensive looks. A sudden silence descends.)

Evans: More gold? You know all our gold is dedicated to Him. (He points to the alcove.)

Kellman: (Ironically) Your... god would surely not object if it meant saving lives.

Evans: I don't know. He must be consulted. He was here before us - waiting for us. The gold is His. Without His protection we would all be dead.

Kellman: Dead?

Evans: The gold brought the Cybermen down upon us - destroying our surface installations, driving away our relief ships, until the universe considered us dead, forgotten... starving... then we found Him.

Kellman: (Looks at his watch) You'd better make your mind up. If I leave without the gold, I shall not return again.

(Evans rings his hands in an agony of doubt - then comes to a decision.)

Evans: Perhaps if you take the newly mined gold dust... before it is consecrated... follow me.

(Evans turns and exists down the mine. Kellman picks up the rucksack and follows. The Doctor watches them leave and tries to follow but cannot get past the miners without being spotted. He scurries back to his hiding place.)

INT. NERVA SICK BAY

(Sarah is sitting up in bed, her old bright self again. The Cybermen have gone from the room and Harry and Anitra are sitting either side of her bed. Sarah starts to slide her legs out, but Harry stops her.)

Sarah: I feel perfectly well.

Harry: No.

Sarah: You mean I'm not?

Harry: You're to stay there until the Doctor returns.

Sarah: Doctors orders?

Harry: Absolutely.

Sarah: Yours, or his?

Harry: Both.

Sarah: (Grimaces) Is he liable to be long?

Harry: Can't be. We start up... (he looks at his watch) in about an hour.

Sarah: (Brightly) Just time to get dressed.

Harry: (Pompously) Sarah, you never listen. I've just said...

(Sarah springs to her feet on the bed and looks at Anitra.)

Sarah: If you'd get my clothes, please.

Anitra: They're right here.

(She opens a locker by the bed. Harry stands as if to push Sarah back into bed. She confronts him, arms folded.)

Sarah: Well, if you're going to just stand there... (She starts to raise her nightgown.)

Harry: No Sarah... I'll... I'll wait outside.

(The two women start to laugh as he scuttles for the door.)

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(The Doctor glances nervously at his watch. Looking up, something catches his eye. Beside the centre leg of the mess table is something that looks like a bag of gold. The miners, their hunger appeased, settle down for a chess game. Jones and Williams sit facing each other over the board. The non-players gather round. The Doctor sees his opportunity - all attention is on the game. He slips round the corner of the bunk and starts to crawl along under the table towards the bag. He edges past a line of boots and reaches out for the sack. He undoes the string round the neck and pours out a little of its contents - a fine gold powder. Smiling, the Doctor reties the sack.

Williams moves his queen and places it jeopardy. He takes his hand from the piece, then realising what he has done, moves to retrieve it. Jones grasps his hand.)

Jones: No, you've moved. Now it's my turn.

Williams: (Flaring) I haven't moved!

(He struggles to free his wrist and his queen falls to the floor. To the Doctor's horror, staring him in the face is the dropped chess piece. Slowly, he edges back but one of the other miners spots the queen and bends to pick it up. As he bends down, his eyes meet the Doctor's. He sees the gold dust bag in his hand.)

Miner: A thief!

(The Doctor is dragged out from beneath the table, still clutching the small sack. The miners cluster round.)

INT. NERVA'S ENGINE ROOM

(There is a terrific roar from the engines that rattles the room and its contents. Lester and the Commander study a collection of dials set into one of the walls.)

Lester: (Shouting above the noise) She hasn't been gunned up for... how long?

Commander: Must be... three years!

Lester: Is she going to take full power now?

Commander: Only one way to find out!

Lester: Just so they can destroy her!

Commander: Over my dead body. The Doctor has a plan of some kind. We've got to trust him. He's probably organising some kind of rescue right now.

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(The Doctor is tied to one of the bunk uprights. The miners are sitting opposite him. Evans returns from the mine carrying two heavy sacks. He catches sight of the Doctor and drops his sacks.)

Evans: Who is this man?

Jones: A doctor of some kind, he says. He's also a thief. We caught him trying to steal a bag of gold dust.

Evans: (Eyeing the Doctor up and down) Where did you come from?

Doctor: The Nerva.

Evans: That's not possible. Think again man - and tell me the truth this time. How did you get here?

(Kellman enters and lowers his rucksack onto the messtable.)

Doctor: I've been trying to explain...

Kellman: (Coming forward) No Doctor, let me explain. (To Evans) This man followed me down. He arrived on the Nerva a couple of days ago. He is responsible for the deaths of several of the crew. We have orders to shoot him on sight. (He draws his gun.)

Doctor: Disposing of me won't settle your main problem... getting that gold dust past the Cybermen.

Evans: Cybermen!

(All the miners react to the word. Kellman pulls the trigger on his gun but Evans knocks his arm aside. The ray from the weapon demolishes the top of one of the bunk rails.)

Kellman: (Angrily) What did you do that for? This man is extremely dangerous. I tell you, he must be destroyed.

Doctor: Destroyed! You're even picking up the Cybermen's phraseology!

(Kellman tries to raise his gun again but Evans moves between him and the Doctor.)

Evans: I want to ask him some questions first. What is this about the Cybermen?

Doctor: Didn't Professor Kellman explain? They have control of the Nerva. They intend driving it at this asteroid and, to use their favourite word, destroy it... in about an hours time.

(There is an instant reaction from the miners who exclaim anxiously.)

Evans: Quiet!

Kellman: I warned you. He has a tongue of lies. He'll create a panic - set your men against you. (He turns back to the table and picks up his rucksack) I must be off. If you refuse to kill him then I'd advise you to keep him gagged.

Doctor: Just to give you time to reach the Nerva with your gold. Make sure your new masters don't find out what you're bringing aboard.

(Again there is a reaction from the miners who are looking undecided from the Doctor to Kellman. Kellman shrugs and turns to leave. He takes up the rucksack, wincing a little at the weight.)

Evans: The gold is not his. It belongs to us. Our bond. My son is guarding it.

Kellman: I'll leave him to you. I'm sure you have your own ways of disposing with thieves.

Doctor: Before you let him go, I'd ask him to explain the skeleton if I were you.

Evans: Skeleton?

Doctor: A skeleton of a man dressed in clothes like yours. Wearing goggles and the same kind of headgear.

(Evans confronts the Doctor, picking up his gold baton from the table and raising it.)

Evans: If you're lying to me...

Doctor: I took a locket from the body. It's on me now.

(The Doctor nods towards his side pocket. Evans puts his hand in and brings out the locket. He turns it over and reads the initials J.M.E. Evans turns just as Kellman reaches the door.)

Evans: Stop him. (The miners rush forward and drag Kellman back) What is this... this deception! One of you is lying. Take care. You are speaking about my son.

Kellman: Let me go! I warn you. Your survival depends entirely on me. I told you that man was dangerous if you let him talk.

Evans: (Holding up the locket) How did he get this? It was never off John's neck!

Kellman: (Coldly) I told you your son is alive and well. I just left him. There's the food to prove it.

(Evans sees a glimmer of hope, nods and walks over to the packaged food.)

Evans: Of course. The food! He must be alive. He selected it. But why no word for me - no letter?

Kellman: How do I know. We've all been working flat out. Perhaps he was too busy.

Evans: Perhaps there's a note in here. He would never be too busy, not for a note to his father.

(Evans rips apart the packages, sees something and stops.)

Evans: You said he packed this?

Kellman: Of course. Now will you let me go?

Evans: (In a roar) Liar! (He throws one of the packets at Kellman) Fish! It's a poison to me. My son would never send me that... (He is lost for words such is his rage)

(Kellman breaks free and draws his gun.)

Kellman: Keep back. Stand away from the door.

Evans: Murderer! Seize him!

(Kellman levels his gun at Evans but another man, Jones, steps in his way. He gets the full impact of the blast which knocks the miner across the room. Kellman, still weighed down with the rucksack reaches the door.)

Evans: Quick men - after him. He mustn't escape.

(The miners hang back looking at the body of Jones. Evans seizes the gold bar and strides to the door.)

Doctor: Wait. Release me. I have a better idea.

(Evans stops, hesitates then comes up to the Doctor.

He draws his knife and cuts the ropes. The Doctor rubs his wrists.)

Doctor: Is there another way up to the cavern?

Evans: (Nods) Yes. Not an easy way - but possible.

Doctor: Do you have any mining explosive left?

Evans: A little.

Doctor: Get it - now.

(Evans turns round and waves his arm to Williams who runs for the explosive. The Doctor, followed by Evans and the rest of the miners, walk over to the door.)

Doctor: He'll find it pretty heavy going - with all that gold.

Evans: Surely he'll drop it. Save himself.

Doctor: Not if I've judged him correctly. He's been through too much for it. What would be the effect of an explosive charge thrown into the tunnel?

Evans: The shock wave would bring down the roof, all along its length.

(Williams returns holding a box of explosives. Evans opens it and extracts two dynamite-like sticks.)

Doctor: I thought so. (Calling into the tunnel) Kellman!

INT. MINE TUNNEL

(Kellman has stopped halfway along the tunnel. He is sitting back against a rock, his face sweating from the immense load of the rucksack. He opens his eyes and registers the Doctor's voice.)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Kellman. Listen to me. Unless you return immediately we shall dynamite the tunnel. Can you hear me?

(Kellman eases off the straps of his rucksack. He removes his gun from his belt and starts to walk back towards the Doctor's voice.)

Kellman: I can hear you.

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Will you do as I say?

Kellman: I have no option - have I? I'm caught anyway. I've damaged my foot.

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(Evans motions to the miners, who open the door wider, letting more light into the tunnel. He joins the Doctor inside the entrance, still holding the explosives.)

Doctor: Come back into the light.

Kellman: (O.O.V.) I can't make it, without assistance.

(The Doctor moves forward, his image outlined by the light. Kellman takes aim. Evans grabs the Doctor by the arm and flings him back against the door.)

Evans: I'll get him back. He belongs to me now!

(There is flash in the dark tunnel and Evans staggers back, hit by the blast from Kellman's gun. He rocks back for a moment then, gathering his strength, throws the explosive. There is a tremendous roar as the tunnel collapses all down its length, burying Kellman in the rock-fall.

The Doctor and Williams drag Evans out from the debris filled tunnel and prop him up against the wall of the cave. He is still alive.)

Evans: I'm alright Doctor. You must go... (To Williams) Open the curtain.

(Williams pulls back the tapestry and the idol and his golden store blaze out as before. Evans looks at the statue and bows his head.)

Evans: Promise me one thing? Before Him.

Doctor: Yes.

Evans: Make sure my men are taken aboard the Nerva.

Doctor: I promise.

(He puts his hand on Evans but the older man is dead. The Doctor draws away and turns to Williams.)

Doctor: You know the way out?

Williams: I'll show you.

(The Doctor follows Williams through the shattered group of men, staring silently at their leader's body. He stops for a moment, walks through the miners to the idol and takes a sack of gold. They gasp and move forward but Williams waves them back.)

Doctor: (To Williams) To defeat the Cybermen. (He nods to the idol) I'm sure he would understand.

(Before the miners can reply, the Doctor and Williams exit along the other passageway.)

INT. NERVA ENGINE ROOM

(The Commander and Lester are studying a control board.)

Commander: Where is the Doctor? We're up to full power now. The Cybermen will start as soon as they find out. I can't fob them off for much longer.

(The intercom blips and the voice of the Cyberleader booms out.)

Cyberleader: (O.O.V.) Report the state of the engines. Report.

Commander: (Into the intercom) We are within twenty per cent of start up.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Cyberleader is sitting in the pilot's chair looking down at the range of dials laid out in front of him.)

Cyberleader: That is not the reading we have here. These instruments read full power.

Commander: (O.O.V.) To hit the asteroid with sufficient force, the engines must be up to maximum capacity. This is twenty per cent over the power for normal operations.

Cyberleader: You have ten more minutes.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Commander: What about Professor Kellman?

Cyberleader: (O.O.V.) If he is not back in ten minutes we start without him.

(There is a click as the intercom goes dead.)

Commander: (To Lester) That means the end of the Doctor as well.

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The rock wall slides open and the Doctor runs in, clutching his bag of gold.)

Doctor: Now where was I?

(He looks around for the exact position of the dematerialisation ray but he has neglected to mark the spot in the soft sand.)

Doctor: Was it here? (He stands close to the boulder, then shakes his head.) No. Not so close. (He looks at his watch.) Ten seconds!

(He closes his eyes in concentration. Behind him the beam starts up. The Doctor muttering to himself - eyes closed - doesn't notice...)

Doctor: I took three paces forward... then one to the right... or was it left?

EPISODE FOUR

The Battle for the Nerva

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The Doctor is pacing around the cavern, looking for the right position to be transported back to the Nerva. Behind him, unseen, the dematerialisation ray starts to light up.)

Doctor: Here...? No... There...?

(He turns, sees the ray and leaps for it, dropping the bag of gold dust in the process. He sees this, reacts, doubles back for it, and scrambles into the ray. For a moment it seems as if the force of the ray is upset. The Doctor stands, his eyes tightly shut, almost praying. The ray begins to work and he dematerialises.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Two Cybermen confront Harry, Sarah and Anitra - they have their weapons drawn.)

1st Cyberman: You told us that the Doctor would return in ten minutes. He has not done so.

Harry: He's a bit absent-minded...apt to get lost.

1st Cyberman: Impossible. We have searched the whole ship. (He points to Anitra.) You will come with us to the control room.

Harry: (Stepping forward) Why do you want her? She's not a pilot...wouldn't know how to run the ship.

1st Cyberman: She will remain our hostage. If the Doctor does not return to the control room in twenty minutes, she will be destroyed.

Harry: (Angrily) Destroyed!

1st Cyberman: Stand back. Remember, you and your companions are not strictly necessary. You are expendable.

Anitra: Please do as he says. The Doctor has to return soon - hasn't he? Otherwise... (She shrugs) it won't matter what happens to me...or any of us.

(The others fall silent as Anitra leaves the room with the two Cybermen.)

Sarah: We can't let this happen. She's saved my life - our lives.

Harry: Where the hell's the Doctor! Trust him to take off at a time of crisis!

(He starts pacing, but Sarah stops him.)

Sarah: That's not fair, and you know it. There's plenty we can do... better than just waiting and grouching. I've had an idea.

(She goes over to her bed, opens the drawer of the bedside table and takes out the Cybermat control box.)

Harry: Careful with that thing! We don't know how many more Cybermats there are scattered around the Nerva.

Sarah: Exactly!

(She turns one of the knobs on the Cybermat control. The box gives out a high pitched whine.)

Sarah: Let's find out shall we?

(Harry looks on in horror.)

Harry: That plague has affected your head old girl. (He steps forward) Better give it to me...Sarah... please....

(Sarah backs away, still pressing the control.)

Sarah: Leave me alone. I know what I'm doing. Just keep watch.

INT. CORRIDOR

(The Cybermen march towards the control room with Anitra in tow. Running just steps ahead of them, around a corner, is the Doctor. Realising he is cut off he frantically tries to open the Crusher Room door, but the location of its control panel temporarily evades him. The sound of the approaching Cybermen draws steadily closer. The Doctor's eyes light upon the controls and he stabs desperately at the opening mechanism. The door slides open painfully slowly and the Doctor just manages to scramble inside as the Cybermen step into view.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The Doctor presses himself up against the wall by the door. He looks around but (as established in episode one) there is no means of closing or opening it from the inside. The heavy thud of the Cybermen, marching almost in unison, comes ever nearer. The Doctor freezes as the heavy foot-fall seems to stop outside the entrance. After a second's hesitation the marching resumes and the Doctor runs over to the emergency hatch and taps.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The Doctor swings his long body through the hatch and clambers to his feet beside Harry.)

Doctor: (Bringing out the gold dust) Harry, I was right. That asteroid is inhabited. I've managed to...

Harry: (Indicating silence) Doctor...over there...

(The Doctor follows Harry's gaze and stops stock still. On the floor at his feet are two advancing Cybermats.)

Harry: Sarah...try something else.

(Sarah, who is standing on her bed, is flanked by two more Cybermats. She desperately flicks through different combinations on the Cybermat control box but nothing seems to happen.)

Sarah: I'm trying. Nothing seems to make any difference. (Desperately) Help me Doctor. What do I do?

Doctor: There's an obvious logical sequence to them. Hold it up.

Sarah: I've tried every possible sequence - nothing works.

Doctor: (Trying to make it out) The main black control - turn it as far right as it will go. (Sarah nods) Now depress the first red button.

(Sarah follows the Doctor's instructions but the Cybermats continue to advance on the two men.)

Sarah: It's no good Doctor...

Harry: There's only one thing - the gold dust.

Doctor: We need that for the Cybermen. Sarah, how good a throw are you?

Sarah: Lousy!

Doctor: We'll have to try anyway. Better throw it to Harry. (To Harry) Stand by!

Sarah: What if I miss?

Doctor: Try not to. Take your time.

(Sarah swings back her arm, takes aim and flings the control box across the room. It misses the waiting Harry by six feet, hits the far wall and drops to the floor.)

Harry: I knew it.

(He closes his eyes waiting for the Cybermats to leap. The Doctor nudges him and points.)

Doctor: Seems to have helped.

(The Cybermats are skittering from side to side, emitting a grating whine.)

Doctor: I'm going to retrieve the box.

Harry: I wouldn't Doctor.

Doctor: Something's gone wrong with them. It's now or never.

(The Doctor takes an agile leap over the two Cybermats, lands down and picks up the control box. He scans it and presses a combination of buttons. The Cybermats' noise dies away and they return to a dormant state. The Doctor examines the control box for damage.)

Sarah: You're marvellous Doctor!

(She runs to him but the Doctor and Harry are more concerned about the control box.)

Sarah: I'll aim at your heads next time.

Doctor: (Doubtfully) It seems to be okay.

Harry: Doctor. They've taken Anitra to the control room as hostage for you. (He looks at his watch) They said they'd kill her in twenty minutes. That was ten minutes ago by my watch. You've got to go

Doctor.

Doctor: Of course. (He waves the control box at Sarah) If you'll give up playing these games!

Sarah: (Aghast) Call that playing games! I was trying an experiment.

Harry: The Doctor's got to go.

Sarah: You must listen to me first. You've got time. I've had an idea.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Cyberleader is seated in the Nerva's control seat watching the dials. Two other Cybermen are standing by the internal monitors. One is guarding Anitra, who is sitting at the console.)

Cyberleader: The Doctor has not returned.

Anitra: The twenty minutes are not up yet.

1st Cyberman: There are exactly fifty seconds left.

Cyberleader: My orders will be carried out. At 16.00 hours exactly you will be destroyed.

(Anitra rises and tries to flee but one of the Cybermen throws her back and raises its weapon. On the cabin's clock, the seconds count remorselessly down towards the hour. Anitra switches on the Nerva's tannoy system.)

Anitra: Doctor! Doctor! Can you hear me? Please answer me... where are you?

(The clock is now practically on the hour. There are five seconds left. Anitra closes her eyes, bracing herself for the shock of a blast from a Cyber-weapon.)

Doctor: I'm right here.

(Anitra opens her eyes. Standing in the doorway is the Doctor, smiling broadly. Anitra collapses back into her chair in relief.)

Cyberleader: Where is professor Kellman?

Doctor: Ah! Good question. I'm not quite sure. Let's say he's been unavoidably detained. Held up, as it were.

Cyberleader: Where?

Doctor: Don't you know? (He points out of the control room window at the asteroid below) Down there. He became a little over-loaded with gold... couldn't make it back in time.

Cyberleader: If that is so, he was a traitor to us. He knew why we are to destroy the asteroid - to eliminate the last major source of that metal. He will be destroyed with the asteroid. You will take his place as our scientific advisor.

Doctor: Be delighted.

(The door opens and the Commander enters.)

Commander: The engines are now up to full capacity. They can be controlled entirely from this room. I demand that you let the surviving humans on this ship take off in the escape shuttle, as per our agreement.

Cyberleader: We will first test the engines. When our course is set for the asteroid, at full velocity, then we shall consider what to do with you.

Commander: (Outraged) We made a pact. You gave your word.

Cyberleader: Word? Pact? I do not understand. These are human concepts. Cybermen understand only pure logic which states that we keep you with us as long as possible.

(The Commander steps forward angrily, but the Doctor grasps his arm and whispers something to him. The Commander nods wearily.)

Cyberleader: You will check our course. Are we on target to hit the asteroid? (Looking out of the window) Left of the main peak?

(The Commander sits in the pilot's chair and checks the course.)

Commander: At maximum power, using all the fuel resources, you should strike the peak in twenty-five minutes from start-up, at the required velocity.

Cyberleader: You will start up the engines now.

(The Commander gives one agonised glance at the Doctor - who nods - then engages the engines. A low rumble starts to shake the Nerva.)

INT. ENGINE ROOM

(Lester, stripped to the waist, is standing by the control board, sweat running down his back with the fierce heat from the engines. Standing back by the door is a Cyberman, its gun at the ready. The roar of the motors is much louder down here.

All the instruments read well over the danger limit and climbing. Lester goes to draw back on the power to ease the strain on the engines but before he reaches the panel, a large shadow falls across it. Behind him stands a second Cyberman, it too has its gun drawn. Lester steps back and watches helplessly as the power levels continue to rise still further.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Harry is sitting on the floor next to an open air duct. Its cover has been removed.)

Sarah: Think you can heave your vast bulk through here?

Harry: I could practically walk it. You certainly could.

(Sarah is standing at the end of one of the beds. Laid out before her are three of the dormant Cybermats. She holds the fourth one in her hands. Carefully she removes a small container from within the creature's head and takes it over to the sink where she washes it out.)

Sarah: There, the last of the plague virus. (She shudders) I can still feel it.

(Harry casts an eye up at the disabled TV monitor camera and two-way intercom.)

Harry: For Pete's sake, cover that gold up. (He points to the table) If we get a Cyberman down here to find out why there's no sound or picture on their console...

Sarah: They've got other things on their tiny minds right now. Here, hold Charlie here will you? It's the last one.

(Harry comes over and holds the Cybermat. Sarah carefully spoons some of the gold dust into the container, fits it back into the Cybermat's head and clamps its insect-like belly plate into position.)

Harry: Won't it affect the little monster?

Sarah: Not inside the container. At least not until it's done it's job. Then it might be better if it was affected, if you see what I mean?

Harry: Hope the Doctor's re-programming works.

Sarah: (Proudly) I did it.

Harry: (Drily) Yes!

Sarah: They're programmed to home in on Cybermen brain static, rather than our brain waves.

Harry: Suppose they don't quite work?

(The muffled drone of the engines changes to a cracking roar. There is a sudden jolt that sends Sarah and Harry lurching across the room.)

Sarah: We're off. You'd better get going.

(Harry turns and makes his way across the tilting floor with a sailor's easy balance. He reaches the air duct and swings himself inside.)

Harry: Okay. I'm off. I'll whistle when I reach the Gyro room. Turn on the control, put the first Cybermat inside here...and start praying.

(Sarah turns to the row of Cybermats and picks up the control box a little nervously.)

INT. AIR DUCT

(Harry is finding the crawl through the duct hard work and he stops for a moment to wipe the sweat from his eyes. Looking down he sees the familiar scratch marks left by the Cybermats. Bracing himself once more, he resumes his journey.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(A slight movement can just be seen behind the grill covering the air duct. For the time being at least, the room is free of Cybermen.)

INT. AIR DUCT

(Harry doubles round in the cramped confines of the duct and kicks the covering panel out into the gyro room.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry clambers out of the air duct somewhat stiffly and stands for a moment, listening and stretching his tired legs. He turns back to the grill and whistles.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah is sitting at the open duct glancing at her watch. She hears Harry's whistle and picks up one of the Cybermats, checking its gold container as she does so. She places it inside the duct and somewhat nervously presses the buttons on the control box. For a moment nothing happens. Then, with a slight whirr, it moves off leaving a fresh trail of scratches behind it.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry is standing by the now open mechanism of the gyro system and is studying a star chart. He reaches inside the gyro housing with a device looking like a small spanner and starts to make a series of adjustments. The gyro shows an almost imperceptible tilt.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting in the pilot's seat, impassively regarding the change in course registered on the instruments in front of him. He glances at the Doctor to see if he has noticed. He has, and a look of understanding passes between the two men.

The Cyberleader swings his massive bulk round to face the command console - he sees the changed course and a shower of sparks stream from his high-domed helmet to the Commander's head. He rises in the pilot's seat, stiffens and falls to the deck. The Cyberleader extends his hand to the Doctor, almost touching his head.)

Cyberleader: You will take over. You have just sixty seconds to bring it back on course.

(The Doctor seats himself at the controls and switches them over to manual. Slowly the instruments return to their original settings.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah plants another Cybermat in the open air duct. There is now only one left.)

INT ENGINE ROOM

(All the instruments now read "Extreme Hazard". Lester watches in angry frustration. Unable to stand it, he turns to his Cyberman guard as if to say something. Behind the silver giant a hole appears in the plastic covering of the air duct and the snout of a Cybermat appears. For a second it holds its position. Then, with a flick of its metal tail, it leaps out onto the back of the Cyberman, injecting it with a deadly dose of gold.

The Cyberman cries out in agony, drops its weapon and raises its arms to try and get at the Cybermat. The creature sticks like a limpet and the giant's strength begins to ebb away. Slowly, it crumbles to the floor, writhing. A bubbling, evil-looking foam sprinkled with gold dust oozes from its joints.

Lester comes over, gives a shocked look at the Cyberman still with the Cybermat locked to its back, then picks up the Cyber-weapon. He gives one final glance at the instrument console and leaves.)

INT. SICK BAY

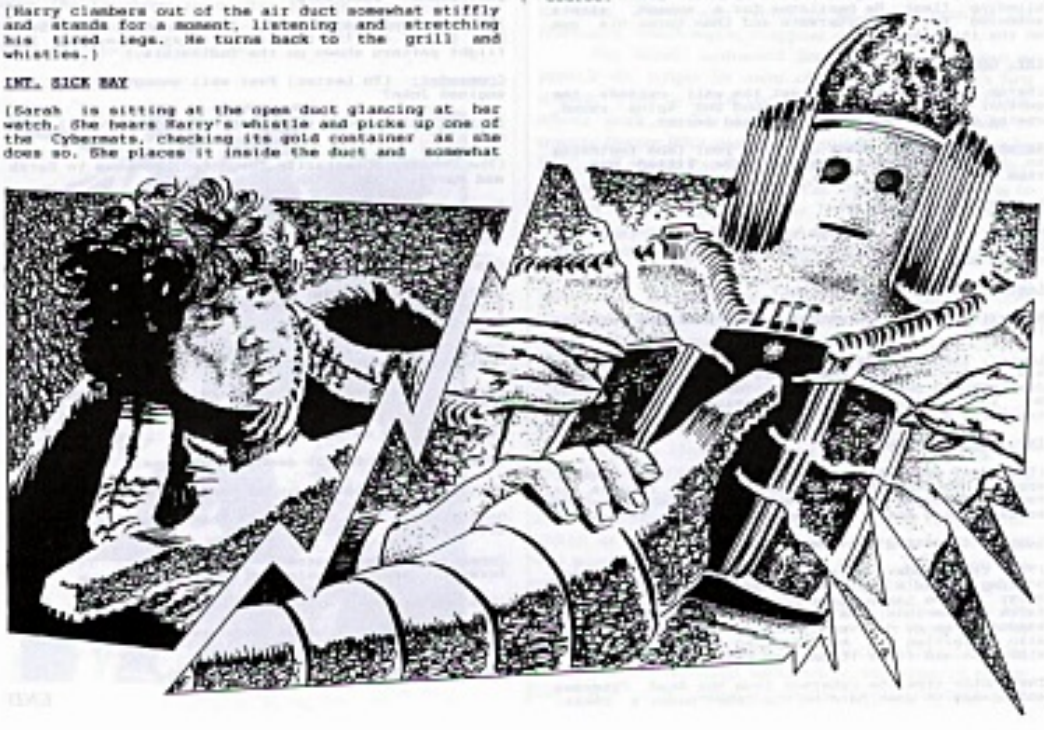
(Sarah places the final Cybermat into the air duct. She glances down at her watch.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The room is vibrating with noise. Outside the window, the debris of space rushes past. The Cyberleader is scanning the star charts and instruments while the commander, still a little dazed, gazes on. One Cyberman guards the Doctor while the other bars the door.)

Cyberleader: Impossible. (To the 1st Cyberman) We have changed course.

1st Cyberman: No. There has been no change in course.



Cyberleader: On this direction we shall miss the asteroid by several miles. My calculations cannot be wrong.

Doctor: You set the course. I'm merely following it. (Slyly) I suppose even Cyberman make errors.

Cyberleader: There was no error.

(He strides over to the internal monitors and punches up a picture of the gyro room. Harry is clearly visible as he adjust the gyro mechanism.)

Cyberleader: There is the cause. (Turning to the 2nd Cyberman) Kill him.

(The second Cyberman exits.)

Anitra: (Shouting into the intercom) Harry... watch out!

(Abruptly the Cyberleader leans over her, rips out the intercom and flings it to the floor.)

Cyberleader: For this action nobody leaves the Nerva. You will all be destroyed with us.

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry has heard Anitra's warning. He stands irresolutely for a moment, wondering whether to attempt to hide. He picks up his spanner-like device and poises it over the gyro mechanism looking for a vital part to shatter.

The door swings open and a Cyberman enters. Harry desperately tries to edge round behind the gyro, still clutching his ineffectual spanner.

The Cyberman raises his weapon and goes to press down the trigger. There is a rattle as a weapon discharges. Harry opens his eyes and looks incredulously at the Cyberman - smoke is pouring from under its helmet. The giant staggers for a moment before crashing to the floor. Behind it, framed in the doorway is Lester, holding his captured Cyber-gun. He reaches down, picks up the second Cyberman's gun and hands it to the bemused Harry.

Harry shakes his head, still a little unsure about his survival, and turns his attentions back to the gyro.)

Lester: No, leave it.

Harry: Are you mad! We've less than five minutes to go to impact.

Lester: Good reason not to damage our only chance of steering clear.

Harry: What else can we do?

(For an answer Lester holds up the Cyber-weapon.)

Lester: Take the control room - now.

(Lester does not wait for Harry's response. He strides out of the gyro room with Harry running after him.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The asteroid now almost fills the view from the window. Its rapid approach has an almost hypnotic fascination, but the frozen gaze of the humans is broken by the 1st Cyberman as it wheels and falls to the floor. a Cybermat clinging to its back. The Cyberleader draws his weapon and shoots the creature but not before the 1st Cyberman is killed.

The Cyberleader becomes aware of a second Cybermat stalking him from behind, moving along the top of one of the consoles. He turns and fires, reducing the second Cybermat to its component parts in a blinding flash. He hesitates for a moment, slowly scanning for more Cybermats and then turns his gun on the three humans.)

INT. CORRIDOR

(Sarah is pressed up against the wall outside the control room. She hears a sound and spins round, coming face to face with Harry and Lester.)

Sarah: (Relieved) Thank god it's you! (She indicates to the window) The Cybermats have killed one of them.

Lester: Only one to go.

Harry: (Looking through the window) But that one happens to be the Cyberleader himself. He's more than a match for all of us.

Lester: How long have we got?

Harry:(Looks at his watch) I make it three minutes to impact.

Lester: Then we have no choice, have we? We'll rush him. (Harry nods and checks his weapon) Very simple. Just aim and pull the trigger. (Harry moves forward) No. I'll go in first. If he survives me, you'll be the Nerva's last hope.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The door opens behind the Cyberleader and Lester appears holding his gun. However, the intense g-force caused by the Nerva's continued acceleration makes it hard for him to keep his footing.)

Lester: (Shouting) Get back. Lie down.

(The Cyberleader raises his weapon and fires, hitting Lester's captured gun and shattering it. The blast throws Lester back against the wall where he falls unconscious. The Cyberleader raises his gun a second time to deliver the coup-de-grace but he is also starting to be affected by the intense vibration and finds it hard to keep his balance.

The Doctor rips the Cybermat from the dead Cyberman and clamps it down hard on the Cyberleader's chest-unit. There is a shower of fine gold dust that plates not only his breastplate but also the Cyberleader's helmet.

With a flash of his massive hand, the Cyberleader shatters the Cybermat and advances on the Doctor. Harry throws himself into the control room and fires point-blank into the giant but the blast does little to halt its progress. Harry fires a second time, directly into the softening chest unit and the Cyberleader, his strength failing, topples, almost in slow motion, and slams into the deck. The whole room shakes with the impact.

Harry moves forward, his gun at the ready, but the Cyberleader, his helmet now softening out of shape, is quite dead.)

Commander: (Yelling above the noise of the enginea) Fire the retros.

Doctor: Not yet. We'll never brake her now. We'll have to try and skim the surface.

(Sarah enters and looks round. The whole space ship is shaking and juddering with the expotential speed. The roar from the engines makes speech almost impossible.)

Harry: (Crouching beside the pilot seat) Ninety seconds to go.

Commander: Fire the retros.

Doctor: Not yet.

(The surface of the asteroid now fills the entire view from the window.)

Harry: Sixty seconds...now Doctor?

Doctor: No.

Harry: Thirty...

Commander: We're going to hit! Fire them.

(The Doctor actually appears to be enjoying himself, a manic gleam in his eye.)

Harry: Fifteen seconds.

(The Commander covers his face with his arm in an instinctive jesture. Sarah and Anitra are huddled down by the console.)

Doctor: Now!

EXT. SPACE

(The Nerva appears to almost hit the surface of the asteroid. There is a spurt of flame from the underslung retros and the space ship flies away from the surface, like a smooth stone off the sea.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander slowly lowers his arm from his eyes. The roar of the rocket motors has struck a different, quieter note. He looks ahead incredulously. The view from the control room is open space - there is no sign of the asteroid.

Harry, Anitra, Sarah and Lester (now coming to) also gaze ahead. The tension drains from them and they start to smile with relief.)

Sarah: What happened?

Doctor: We just bounced off the surface a little.

Sarah: You know, I believe you really enjoyed that!

Doctor: (Realising) I believe I did. (He turns to the Commander) Here Commander, this is rightfully your place - your ship.

(He rises and stands aside. The Commander eases into his place at the console, his eyes seeking the flight pattern shown on the indicators.)

Commander: (To Lester) Feel well enough to man the engines John?

Lester: Well enough (Looks at Anitra) if you'll help me.

(The Doctor, momentarily forgotten, beckons to Sarah and Harry)

Doctor: Time we were off.

Anitra: (To the Doctor) How can we ever thank you?

Commander: Yes Doctor, what can we do?

Doctor: Two things. One, there is a colony of forgotten men I found on that asteroid. They need help - fast.

Commander: We'll land and take them off. They can help crew the Nerva until we're relieved. What else?

Doctor: You could tell me where you've stashed the TARDIS.

Commander: In my cabin.

(Harry and the Doctor exchange glances)

Harry: That explains why we never came across it!

Doctor: (To the Commander) Thank you for looking after it.

Commander: (Embarrassed) I er...took it for some form of...er...convenience!

(The Doctor looks at him in alarm)

Commander: But I never could get that darn door open!

(Cut to linking scene in the TARDIS.)

END